"Mes chansons, c'est moi."

887.

SONGS FROM BÉRANGER

TRANSLATED IN THE ORIGINAL METRES BY

CRAVEN LANGSTROTH BETTS

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TO EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

Unto the wide-viewed critic, just and wise,
Whose word ennobles merit, and whose praise
Is his, who strongly grasps the toilsome bays,—
Unto the poet, whose regardful eyes
Vivify truth, and beauty, and emprise,—
Unto the man of action, prompt and true,
I yield this grateful tribute, as is due
To a clear star set in song's hallowed skies.

He, like my poet, loves a joyous strain;
Yet oft 'tis dashed with tears of tender grace;
He is as wealthy-hearted; like warm rain
In April, his songs cheer in every place
Where they are known; starved feelings bloom again,
And wintered souls unmask a smiling face.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Preface 13

Memoir 15

The King of Yvetot 27
Le roi d' Yvetot 27

Charles VII. 31
Charles VII. 31

The Beggars 34
Les gueux 34

The Two Grenadiers 39
Les deux grenadiers 39

Light-hearted Dick 44
Roger Bontemps 44

PAGE

The Gauls and Franks 48
Les Gaulois et Francois 48

The Beginning of the Voyage . . . 53
Les Commencement du Voyage . . . 53

My last Song, perhaps 55
Ma dernière Chanson peut-être . . . 55

A passing round the Bauble 58
Un tour de Marotte 58

Old Clothing! Old Galoons! . . . 62
Vieux habits! Vieux galōns! . . . 62

The New Diogenes 67
Le Nouveau Diogene 67

A Treatise on Politics 73
Traité de politique 73

The Education of Young Ladies . . . 76
Le éducation des Demoiselles 76

Thou hateful Spring! 79
Maudit Printemps! 79

PAGE

The broken Fiddle 81
Le violon brisé 81

The Holy Alliance of Nations . . . 85
La sainte Alliance des Peuples . . . 85

The Marquis of Carabas 89
Le Marquis de Carabas 89

If a little Bird I were 94
Si jétais petit oiseau 94

The Plebeian 98
Le vilain 98

My Vocation 101
Ma vocation 101

My Republic 104
Ma république 104

The Swallows 107
Les hirondelles 107

Winter 110
L'hiver 110

PAGE

The Hunter and the Milkmaid . . . 114
Le chasseur et la laitiére 114

The Fifty Crowns 117
Les cinquante écus 117

The Young Muse 121
La jeune muse 121

Farewell to the Country 124
Adieu de la campagne 124

The Carrier Pigeon 128
Le pigeon messager 128

The Sylphide 132
Le sylphide 132

The Tailor and the Fairy 135
Le tailleur et la fée 135

My Boat 139
Ma nacelle 139

The Court Poet 143
La Poete de Cour 143

PAGE

The Birthday 147
L'Anniversaire 147

The Imaginary Voyage 149
Le voyage imaginaire 149

Lafayette in America 152
Lafayette en Amérique 152

The Good Old Dame 155
La bonne vieille 155

Louis XI. 158
Louis XI. 158

The Prisoner's Fireside 163
Le feu du prisonnier 163

The Goddess 166
La déesse 166

The Fourteenth of July 169
Le quatorze Juillet 169

The Song of the Cossack 173
Le chant du Cosaque 173

PAGE

Fifty Years 176
Cinquante ans 176

The Refusal 179
Le refus 179

How Fair is She! 182
Qu'elle est jolie! 182

The Restoration of Song 184
Le restoration de chanson 184

Let 's Haste! 189
Hatous-nous! 189

Advice to the Belgians 193
Conseil aux Belges 193

Recollections of Childhood 196
Souvenirs d'enfance 196

The Old Vagabond 200
Le vieux vagabond 200

The Gipsies 203
Les bohemiens 203

PAGE

The People's Reminiscences 208
Les souvenirs du peuple 208

Poniatowski 213
Poniatowski 213

The Old Corporal 217
Le vieux corporal 217

The Garret 222
Le grenier 222

The Smugglers 225
Les contrabandiers 225

Good-Night! 233
Bon-soir! 233

My Tomb 236
Mon tombeau 236

My Coat 239
Mon habit 239

The Poor Woman 242
La pauvre femme 242

PAGE

The Wandering Jew 245
Le Juif errant 245

Farewell Song! 250
Adieu chanson! 250

L'Envoi 254

PREFACE.

In presenting a new translation of the songs of Beranger to the English-speaking public, the translator deems no apology necessary, in spite of the many excellent renderings of certain of the chansons which have already been published in English verse. He was actuated principally by the wish to add his tribute to, and to a certain extent to identify himself with, the master-spirit of modern song. He fancied he might, by paying stricter attention than had been done heretofore to the melody of the author, his varying metres and refrains, approach more nearly to the spirit of the original than had perhaps been achieved in any extended way by former translations. A writer of song above all others requires the most painstaking exactness in his translator. A change of metre changes the whole character of such a composition. We would hardly recognize a song of Burns or Shakspeare or Moore altered to another

measure in a foreign tongue. In fact it would *not* be in reality a song of either of these poets however faithfully the thought or imagery might be retained. Remembering this, the translator has aimed at giving a representative number of the famous *Chansons de Beranger* in as faithful a following of the metres of the original as he deemed admissible. The translations of Young, Oxenford, Brough, Tonybee, and others have been compared and examined, though with the exception of Mr. Young's, no extensive translation had formerly been attempted. English lovers of Beranger may miss in this collection one or two of their peculiar favorites, yet where so much excellence abounds it would be impossible to satisfy all without translating the whole of the songs. The translator has included in this selection nearly all of the lyrics which are commonly recognized as the most famous examples of Beranger's Muse.

C. L. B.

MEMOIR.

In the year 1780, nine years before the fall of the Bastile, there was born at Paris, in the humble abode of a poor tailor, the subject of this brief sketch. No flowers, as he himself tells us in graceful verse, were laid by fate in the cradle of the infant Béranger. He was early deserted by his parents, the remembrance of whose neglect of the duties of affection touched his sensitive heart in after years, and he was left to the care of a poor and pious aunt, living in the town of Peronne, who supplied to him the maternal protection due to his tender years. Like an eaglet in a dove-cote, the nascent genius of the vivacious child must often have fluttered the propriety of his well-meaning, simple-minded aunt. There is an anecdote of these early days in example, the earliest one which we have of his youth. His aunt, according to her pious custom, had sprinkled holy water about the house, when on a sudden a thunder-storm arose,

and the little Jean Pierre, then five or six years old, was struck by a flash of lightning and quite seriously injured. His only reply to the solicitations of his alarmed relative, foreshows the future satirist. "Well! what is the good of thy holy water?"

It were a pleasant task, if here admissible, to dwell upon the unfolding of the mind of the precocious child, as he eagerly devoured such literary works as the stern canons of his aunt allowed. We may be certain that many volumes of fabliaux and histories, dramas and epic poems, romances and ballads, had left their impress upon his youthful imagination before his advent to the real world of experience. He must have been well acquainted, even at this early age, with the translations of some of the most noted poets of antiquity, for his earliest verse is as purely classical in spirit as that of his later years. It was not till he was eighteen, however, that the genius of Béranger flowed into song. Up to this time, he had been "mewing his mighty youth" during the days of his early avocations, the inn boy, printer, clerk (garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, commis), stages of his developing manhood. His first lessons in verse were given him

by M. Laisney, the printer with whom he worked for a short time at Peronne, and who encouraged the bright, eager youth in literary pursuits. Once started on her life mission, the muse of Béranger never slumbered. Year after year were sent forth to the world those beautiful, winged couriers of song, adorned with every grace of diction and movement, pulsating with every breath of popular inspiration. Béranger never read the classics in the original, yet like Keats he imbibed through the imperfect medium of current translations, the perfect tone, the exact and graceful flow of the Greek style. His verse, in fact, is artistically perfect both in form and spirit, star-like in its symmetry of sparkling and beautiful light.

By a perusal of his songs we see the whole panorama of his life. The affection of friends, such friends as Hugo, Lamartine, Gautier, and St. Beuve, has left touching memorials of his sparkling and glowing wit, of his graceful and tender fancy, of his open and generous soul. His loves, his friendships, his praises and laments for his beloved France, his hatred of tyranny and injustice, his sympathy with every form of common life, which are inimitably

pictured for us in his charming songs, are not the artistic posings of a sentimental genius. They are color lights of the soul, crowned with the white flame of inspired thought. "Mes chansons c'est moi," he says in his autobiography, and who will doubt it as he reads those beautifully rhythmic verses, palpitating with the emotions of the heart. Amid the seething and jarring volcanic forces of the day, Bourbonist, Bonapartist, Orleanist, and Republican, these song voices, buoyed upon their wings of wit and satire, of tenderness and joy, are heard above the clamor of party strife, clear as a silver bell, their notes floating above the heads of men, and vibrating deep in their hearts. They all breathe the sturdy independence of their creator's character, held through a life of poverty bordering upon indigence, held in spite of the most tempting bribes to ambition or love of ease, in the stress of worldly loss and imprisonment. Béranger forfeited his modest clerkship under the government because he would not condescend to clothe his opinions of the ruling powers in the garb of self-interest. In vain did the vengeance of the court twice fall upon him. Behind the bolts of La Force his

voice grew still more defiant, and his passionate love of freedom burst forth in such sublime lyrics as the "Fourteenth of July," and "Farewell to the Country." All France was moved by the lofty partiotism, the touching pathos of this matchless singer, who like the caged linnet, sang all the more superbly behind the bars of his dungeon. But, idolized as he was by the people, the government of Charles X. dared not long deprive so popular a subject of his liberty, and at last he enjoyed full immunity from its persecutions. But the effect of his songs became as great as their popularity. More and more poignant fell their stinging satire against the court, till they culminated in such scathing irony as the "Coronation of Charles the Simple," and the "Advice to the Belgians." At length, among the jeers of the populace, they drove the unhappy monarch from his throne. It is said, too, that in his glowing tributes to the first Napoleon, he aroused such sympathy for the fallen fortunes of the Bonapartes, that the *coup d'état* of Napoleon the Third became possible. Never did a purely literary influence so mould the course of events. This little bald-headed song-

writer, with his shabby coat and his stipend of a few hundred francs a year, was worth a dozen armies to the popular cause. One effort of his muse was more potent than a score of proclamations of the court of Versailles. Though on the whole friendly to the new Bonapartist *régime*, no enticements of Louis Napoleon could draw the people's favorite singer into active support of the government. Beranger held proudly aloof from place or pension, choosing to spend his few remaining years in simple, dignified retirement, surrounded by faithful friends and the loving admiration of his country.

Well might Béranger in the decline of life, take formal leave of his admiring audience, with dignified and complacent grace rehearsing the achievements wrought by his song. In his quiet retreat at Passy in the evening of his days, he still continued, however, to charm the world with verse, at last, as he himself sang of the love-poet Parny, his contemporary, dying upon his lyre, that wondrous vehicle of song which to the end gave neither discord nor uncertain sound, of which no hand has been able to perpetuate the spell.

. . . . . .

Thus the songs of Béranger are inseparably linked with the most eventful annals of France, perhaps of modern civilization. Through them the spirits of a buried past are clothed to our imaginations in their flesh and blood reality. They come before us like the people we meet in the street, strange of manner and costume it may be, but none the less real and human. For in them is not only embodied a personality, but a nation; not only the microcosm of a life, but the macrocosm of a society. For this writer, more distinctively than any other that we know of in history, identified himself with the genius of his age and nation. This is his most perfect claim to the perpetuation of his fame. Béranger was in himself the France of its great transition period. More distinctively even than Burns or Horace, he expresses the very life of his time. As a deep-bosomed mountain lake mirrors every glow of heaven, every shadow of earth, in its translucent depths, so every aspiration of the genius of the Revolution, in its changing fluxes of popular sentiment, found its accompanying reflection in his songs. And through them all, like

a sweet minor chord running through the volume of a mighty symphony, the *man* himself, incorruptible, warm-hearted, generous, tender, loving, frank, effervescing with Gallic piquancy and wit, a master of every range of expression between the poles of feeling,—is revealed. His songs are an autobiography in verse. He delights to tell all about himself, not with the studied self-consciousness of a Rousseau or a Gibbon, but with the graceful abandon of a child. He has no finesse or reserve, nor cares to have. Even in his songs to pretended mistresses he is Beranger and no one else. He is as genuine and original as Burns ; but he has more of rapier-like wit and classic grace than the Scot, more delicate fancy and refined bonhommie. Béranger turned even poverty into an alluring grace. There was no repining in that sunny nature, save that youth does not last forever, that beauty will pall at last upon the heart. But when youth and love forsook him, he clasped his arm around his goddess, Friendship, and sipped his wine with all the grace of yore. If he had no Lisette near, he could be tender and witty over the most commonplace of subjects. An inspiration

seizes him, and his old coat serves him for a theme. Nothing came amiss to this laughing philosopher, this pensive Mercury of the boulevards. One of his finest songs is in praise of the garret of his youth.

He is himself the Roger Bontemps of his song. No man perhaps with less of worldly goods enjoyed life more. But though an Epicurean by nature, yet he was a Spartan in principle, a self-sacrificing patriot, a champion of the people, *his* people, whom through all the vicissitudes of his fortunes, despite all the flatteries and threats of the great, he never forsook. In him the sapling of a true democracy flowered into song. And song in its highest excellence must touch the masses. It is then the most potent thing on earth,—a rainbow-winged Ariel flying over land and sea and bewitching men's hearts. Such are the songs of Béranger.

In his hands the Chanson of the Troubadours became at times a terrible satiric weapon, which struck often as potently as the axe of the executioner. At times it rises in its power of invective to the sublimity of a Pindaric ode. His wit is as polished and adorned as the blade of Excaliber, its edge is as

trenchant and keen. Unless it is Horace, we know of no poet who wields his satiric weapon with such Saladin-like grace and spirit. Juvenal, Churchill, Pope, and Dryden are heavy-armed crusaders, but this light-horsed Arab outrivals them all. Whether it be in pinning an epigram to the skirts of a great man, or blasting with a lightning flash of invective the pinchbeck titles of a corrupt administration, there is the same union of strength and dexterity, the same unrivalled taste in the use of metaphor and graceful sardonic humor. Dazzled as he was by the glamour of the first Emperor's splendid achievements, he was far-seeing enough, to note their tendency to subvert the liberties of popular government. And when all Europe was bowing before the Conqueror of Austerlitz and Jena, he still dared reprove the lawless ambition of Napoleon. He was at once the gentlest and most dauntless of human beings. That charming combination of wonderful tenderness and Olympian wrath, which we so admire in Burns, we see also in him. In truth, he is the singer *par excellence*, for he touches every mood with the same easy grace, with the same perfection of melody.

To his countrymen, his songs are conservators of faiths and joys. To the world they are advocates for sympathy toward his disappointed yet ever aspiring race, for kindliness toward those who most deserve our kindness, to whom he himself was ever kind and charitable—the poor and the distressed.

C. L. B.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

Le roi d' Yvetot.

MAY, 1813.

[This extremely popular song satirized the ambitious designs and warlike propensities of the first Napoleon.]

A KING once lived of Yvetot,
Though little known his name,
Rose late, to bed did early go,
Slept well, nor cared for fame.
And Jenny clapped, his crown instead,
A cotton night-cap on his head,
'Tis said.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a good little king, hurrah!
Hurrah!

He ate four meals a day inside
His palace thatched with straw ;
And pace by pace, an ass astride,
His kingdom travelling saw.
Plain, jovial, thinking good, agog,
He 'd but for guard, as forth he 'd jog,
A dog !
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
What a good little king, hurrah !
Hurrah !

But one onerous taste had he,
His thirst was somewhat *vif ;*
For though his people happy be,
Of course a king must live.
For table he directly got,
From every puncheon taxed, a pot
By lot.
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
What a good little king, hurrah !
Hurrah !

Since maidens of good birth were glad
To bow to his desire,
His folk a hundred reasons had
To call the king their sire.
He 'd bring to butts his train-bands crack
Each quarter day, the bull's-eye's black
To whack !
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
What a good little king, hurrah !
Hurrah !

He ne'er enlarged his proper states,
With all at peace abode ;
He was your model, potentates !
For pleasure was his code.
Till death his people's love he kept ;
They ne'er, till in the tomb he slept,
Had wept !
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
What a good little king, hurrah !
Hurrah !

They keep the portrait, painted fine,
Of that right-worthy prince;
It hangs a famous tavern sign
In that good land long since.
As oft a fête they drink once more,
The crowd still shouts the wine-shop door
Before,
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a good little king, hurrah!
Hurrah!

CHARLES VII.

Charles VII.

AGNES commands, I seek the fight:
Ye pleasures, soft repose, adieu!
I have, to venge my crown and right,
My God, my love, my heroes true.
English, the name of my fair dame
Shall through your ranks a terror pour;
With her I did forget my fame;
My honor Agnes doth restore.

In sports of idle courtly day,
I, Frenchman, King, no danger towards,
Did little heed my country lay
A prey to strangers' chains and swords.

A word, one word from my fair dame,
With blush of shame I 'm crimsoned o'er:
With her I did forget my fame;
My honor Agnes doth restore.

My blood, if blood can victory take,
All, Agnes, all I 'll let it free!
But no! for love and glory's sake
Must Charles a living victor be.
I must prevail, my peerless dame,
Thy crest and colors glow once more!
With her I did forget my fame;
My honor Agnes doth restore.

Dunois, La Tremouille, Saintrailles!
Ah, Frenchmen! what a happy day
When I my fair one crowned shall hail
With twenty laurels won in fray!

You, rapture, I, an honored name,
  Earn, Frenchmen, paying her devoir ;
With her I did forget my fame ;
  My honor Agnes doth restore.

THE BEGGARS.

Les gueux.

1813.

HO! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;
True love too they show
The beggars, ho!

Now let us sing the merit
Of beggar men so bold;
We must avenge with spirit
Good men who nothing hold.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;

True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

Yes, happiness is easy,
E'en on the breast of want:
So says the Book, so please ye
Note me and my gay chant.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;
True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

Want ever dwells a roamer
Parnassus on, they say;
What comforts had old Homer?
A scrip and staff alway.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;

True love too they show.
The beggars ho!

Ye, who misfortune clinches,
Know, heroes not a few,
Oft, when the fine boot pinches,
Regret the wooden shoe.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;
True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

Pomps wondered at and shouted,
To great ones exile bring;
Diogenes once flouted,
From tub, a conquering king.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;

True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

You see a palace gleaming,
Yet *ennui* groans e'en there.
One may on straw be dreaming,
And feast off tables bare.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;
True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

What God with flowers is it
Doth strew this bed in glee?
'Tis Love returns to visit
My smiling poverty.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;

True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

Friendship, we mourned as flitting,
Quits not this land of mine:
She 's twixt two soldiers sitting,
Tippling the tavern wine.

Ho! the beggars, ho!
They all happy go;
True love too they show.
The beggars, ho!

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

Les deux grenadiers.

APRIL, 1814.

FIRST GRENADIER.

OUR post 's forgotten in the round;
'Tis midnight, James, at the chateau.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Once more for Italy we 're bound,
To-morrow, good-bye, Fontainebleau!

FIRST GRENADIER.

By heaven! which also I give thanks,
The skies of Elba brightly glow.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Should utmost Russia see our ranks,
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go!

TOGETHER.

Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go!
With an old soldier go!

SECOND GRENADIER.

Ah! how fast came our defeats!
Where 's Moscow, Wilna, and Berlin?
I think I see on our bayonets
Still gleam the flames of the Kremlin.
And lost by those in treachery skilled,
Even Paris scarcely cost a blow!
We had our cartridge-boxes filled!
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go!

FIRST GRENADIER.

He abdicates, says one and all ;
What is the meaning of that word—
Is 't the republic they recall ?

SECOND GRENADIER.

No, they 've a king once more restored.
I think, had he crowns hundred-fold,
The emperor would all bestow ;
He once in alms gave crowns of gold.
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

One light upon the window mapped,
Shines faintly forth from the chateau.

SECOND GRENADIER.

Their noses in their mantles wrapped,
The noble lacqueys fleeing go.

The gold lace stripped from their costumes,
To the new chief they 're bowing low ;
They sell him the dead eagle's plumes ;
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

Our marshals, comrades in the wars,
They too have left us, gorged with gold ;

SECOND GRENADIER.

Our blood has bought them all their stars ;
Thank heaven ! our veins yet something hold.
What ! Glory was their foster-mother,
In person led them on the foe,
And they desert their foster-father !
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go !

FIRST GRENADIER.

I, after twenty years of wars,
Had thought to beg for some reprieve.

SECOND GRENADIER.

I, almost covered o'er with scars,
The colors wished at last to leave.
But when the beaker 's running dry,
We 'll not be base and break it,—no !
Wife, children, native land, good-bye !
Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go !

TOGETHER.

Old grenadiers, with an old soldier go !
With an old soldier go !

LIGHT-HEARTED DICK.

Roger Bontemps.

JANUARY, 1814.

TO give them heart of grace,
'Twas in times forlorn,
Unto a bilious race
Light-hearted Dick was born.
He chose to live obscure,
To scorn the splenetic;
"Still gay!" the motto sure
Of Light-hearted Dick.

Hat, by his father worn
Once in days renowned,

Dick doth still adorn,
Rose and ivy bound.
Friend of twenty years,
Cloak both coarse and thick,
"Still gay!" often wears
Big Light-hearted Dick.

He owned within his hut
A table, bed, and rug;
He had his cards and flute;
God somehow filled his jug.
A girl's face on the wall,
A trunk, not in 't a stick,
"Still gay!" these the all
Of Light-hearted Dick.

Children of the town
Little plays he 'd show;
He had much renown
Ticklish tales to know.

Dance, and song-book lore,
Though at nought else quick,
"Still gay!" such he bore,
Our Light-hearted Dick.

He no grape *élite*
Drank,—but canton wine;
He chose his Marguerite
Before all ladies fine.
Tenderness and joy
Filled each instant quick;
"Still gay!" such employ
Had Light-hearted Dick.

"I trust," to Heaven said he,
"Thy goodness, Father dear!
Of my philosophy
Pardon the good cheer;
May 't still be spring and fair,
When out is burned life's wick,

Still gay!" this is the prayer
Of Light-hearted Dick.

Ye poor of envious soul,
Ye rich, with greedy care,
Ye, who on chariots roll
In vain from woes ye bear,
Ye, who 've lost maybe
The glow of titles thick,
"Still gay!" your teacher see
In Light-hearted Dick!

THE GAULS AND FRANKS.

Les Gaulois et Francois.

JANUARY, 1814.

[Beranger wrote this noble appeal while Napoleon was vainly attempting to arrest the march of the allied armies on Paris.]

GAILY! gaily! close our ranks!
Arm! Advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily! gaily! close our ranks!
Onward! Onward! Gauls and Franks!

Blindly following Attila's call,
The barbarous horde
Onward poured,

Comes a second time to fall,
Conquered on the fields of Gaul!

Gaily! gaily! close our ranks!
Arm! Advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily! gaily! close our ranks!
Onward! Onward! Gauls and Franks!

Leaving his morasses cold,
The Cossack,
In bivouac,
Dreams, through faith in English gold,
Revel in our halls to hold!

Gaily! gaily! close our ranks!
Arm! Advance!
Hope of France!
Gaily! gaily! close our ranks!
Onward! Onward! Gauls and Franks!

Shivering Russians, starved and numb—
All below
One siege of snow—
Fly black bread and acorns from ;
For our white bread ravined come !

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Arm ! Advance !
Hope of France !
Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Onward ! Onward ! Gauls and Franks !

What ! the vintage rare and fine,
Poured to acclaim
Of battle fame—
Drunk up ; Saxon swine !
No n ,ngs, and no more wine !

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Arm ! Advance !
Hope of France !

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Onward ! Onward ! Gauls and Franks !

For the Calmucks, rude and base,
Our daughters fair
Are too rare !
Have our wives too rich a grace ;
Be *their* sons of Frenchmen's race !

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Arm ! Advance !
Hope of France !
Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Onward ! Onward ! Gauls and Franks !

What ! those trophies fair to see,
Which emblaze
Our glory's praise,
Stretched in ruin shall they be !
What ! the Prussians in *Paris !*

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Arm ! Advance !
Hope of France !
Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Onward ! Onward ! Gauls and Franks !

Noble Franks and honest Gauls,
Soon descend
Peace your friend !
And repay within your halls,
Your high deeds with festivals !

Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Arm ! Advance !
Hope of France !
Gaily ! gaily ! close our ranks !
Onward ! Onward ! Gauls and Franks !

THE BEGINNING OF THE VOYAGE.

Les Commencement du Voyage.

SEE, my friends, this airy bark again,
Which upon life's wave puts forth to sea,
Doth a lovely passenger contain :
Ah ! may we her earliest sailors be.
See, that sweetly she may sail forever,
Soon the waves will float her from the shore ;
We, who see her from the haven sever,
Cheer her passage with brave songs a store.

Fate doth on her sail already blow ;
Hope already rigging doth prepare
And doth promise, from the stars that glow,
Seas of calm and winds both soft and fair.
Fly, fly hence, birds of ill-omened feather,
The Loves shall own this shallop evermore ;

We, who see her from the haven sever,
Cheer her passage with brave songs a store.

They the mast with votive garlands grace :
Yes, the Loves intend with her to sail ;
Friendship at the helm takes her place ;
To the sisters chaste no offerings fail.
Bacchus himself the crew is cheering ever ;
Pleasures are invoked to pull the oar ;
We who see her from the haven sever,
Cheer her passage with brave songs a store.

Who comes here, saluting our light bark ?
'Tis Misfortune, blessing Virtue's maid ;
Praying, on what good she 's set her mark,
To this child the price may now be paid.
How the shore resounds with prayers to save her,
Sure the gods will list to their implore !
We, who see her from the haven sever,
Cheer her passage with brave songs a store.

MY LAST SONG, PERHAPS.

Ma dernière Chanson peut-être.

JANUARY, 1814.

THE glory of a Frenchman's name
Failed never to inspire my verse;
Through France the stranger comes in fame,
And his successes all I curse.
But though 'tis honorable to grieve,
What boots it now to groaning go?
Old Time doth yet one laugh reprieve,—
'Tis so much taken from the foe!

To-day, when many brave men fear,
I, coward, tremble not at all,
Rejoiced that Bacchus brings us here
To tipple at his festival.

Friends ! he 's the god that I implore ;
He makes my heart with courage glow ;
Drink gaily, comrades, drink once more !
'Tis so much taken from the foe.

My creditors like corsairs, they
Have lately all against me turned ;
I had just gone my debts to pay,
When what you now well know, I learned,
Race of avarice-eaten men,
I 'd for your gold a sudden throe !
Lend me gold then, lend again !
'Tis so much taken from the foe.

There 's a mistress young of mine,
Who will in many dangers run ;
I think the traitress hath design
At heart, the stranger foe upon.
There 's certain freedoms we regret,
She but half dreads to undergo ;

But I 've this evening left me yet,——
'Tis so much taken from the foe !

If Hope, friends, will not on us glance,
Let 's swear e'en at the risk of death,
That, for these enemies of France,
We will not raise a welcome breath.
But hold this in your memories fast,
The swan in death dies singing,—so
Sing yet, ye Frenchmen, to the last !
'Tis so much taken from the foe !

A PASSING ROUND THE BAUBLE.

Un tour de marotte.

[Song sung at the Suppers of Momus.]

THAT Momus, god of verses good,
Be Epicurus' friend,
My girdle round, in jolly mood,
His chaplets I suspend.
Now to his sway
We tribute pay,
While his gay pranks abound:
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

The bauble's power opposing mocks
That which the sceptre sways;
The great folks' fingers Momus knocks
To whom they incense raise.
He gaily beats
The fools and cheats
In mitre, crest, and gown:
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

Should one be lion in saloons,
Or doctor scented o'er,
Or should a lackey change galoons
And not his chamber door,
They 'd Paris find
To tricks inclined;
Thank us, who them confound:
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

It has at Beauty's court employ ;
They there the bauble use ;
It is to Love himself a toy ;
It Venus doth amuse ;
Both actress and the devotee
It lures with joyous sound :
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

Its bells chime to the tambourine
Of the god of vintage-time ;
When wine in floods of ruby sheen
Doth charm night's weary prime ;
Oh yes, its bells,
When trouble swells,
An antidote are found :
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

No laggards, ye who feastward press!
It seems to me, good friends,
That Friendship all of them doth bless
That to the feast she sends;
Young souls of wit
There laughing sit,
There rave and table pound:
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

To clang of bells each joyous man,
Then sing ye here your mass:
Beneath their god, priest, sacristan
Do ye to joyance pass!
In gay refrain
Then wake the strain,
And make the note resound:
Hands round, be gay
Till break of day,
And pass the bauble round.

OLD CLOTHING! OLD GALOONS!

OR, MORAL AND POLITICAL REFLECTIONS OF A CLOTHES-DEALER OF THE CAPITAL.—FIRST RESTORATION, 1814.

Vieux habits! Vieux galons!

OLD-CLOTHES merchants though we be,
Good Sirs! a-many men we see;
From end to end of this big ball
Dress governs all.
Amidst the changes we discuss,
The cast-off clothes belong to us;
We reckon profits by doubloons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Sometimes in reading the gazette,
I, with some others, do regret

The French hold now in no repute
The 'broidered suit.
But I 've been told by those who know,
Anew old prejudices grow;
We 'll soon be quitting pantaloons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Fashion and politics are made
To swell a hundred times my trade;
What credit to the work is due
On suitings new!
When they 're forgot, those tunics worn,
Our civic goddesses did adorn,
To passers back they go eftsoons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

In famous hundred battle days,
The coat's edge wore galoon always;
Galoon all covered o'er was seen
The suitings green.

There comes no glory save with luck!
After each victory we pluck,
Content alone, our special boons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

We also find our gain the same
With all that race, who without shame,
Back on a sudden tide-wave float
To change their coat.
The lackeys, trooping all belaced,
To-day to sell their liveries haste;
What lines of blue coats like dragoons!
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Defenders of our grandsires' day,
From noble haunts, come now this way:
At last in its turn, out of press
Comes the court dress.
Now buying back their old costumes,
With heels of red and snowy plumes,

They go to reign in the saloons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Our scruples held in no regard,
Should this vile horde of atheists hard
Add to the number of their taints
The robes of saints,
'Neath many a philosophic nose
I will their stuff for sale expose:
To double gain our virtue tunes.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Lauded long time in all their works,
Great men, now treated worse than Turks,
Dwell in their manors farthest back
In suits of black.
But, thanks to us, come to our haunt
Those mantles which no more they want;
Too long and thick for afternoons.
Old clothing! Old galoons!

Of riches I 'm assured some day :
In France, the people hold alway,
At town, court, play, in most repute
The 'broidered suit.
Race, decked in scarlet and in gold,
During one month you 'll be extolled,
Then to your waning with the moon's !
Old clothing ! Old galoons !

THE NEW DIOGENES.

Le Nouveau Diogene.

DIOGENES,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

Men say, from water they thy rudeness trace;
I, gayer censor, ne'er to it apply.
In scarce a month, to give my wisdom place,
I drained a cask of good old wine quite dry.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

Where I 'm well placed, I easily sojourn;
But, like as we, the gods inconstant prove.
Within my tub, upon this globe that turns,
I also turn, with time and fortune move.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

Parties I 've jeered a hundred times away,
Thinking I can no useful strength impart,
Before my tub, now do not stop to say,
"Whom art thou for, thou who for nothing art?"

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

I love at Gothic prejudice to rail,
And all the colored ribbons of court powers;
But, stranger to the hot politic gale,
My cap of freedom is a crown of flowers.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

When to divide the world they 've got a task,
Some potentates may cheat or cheated be;

I am not going all around to ask
If into my tub's business they will see.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this cask of mine.

Where satire leads, I am not ignorant;
The pompous trappings of the court I shun;
Their honors vain, I 'm too inclined to taunt;
When kings are near, I fear me for my sun.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this cask of mine.

Through modern Athens, lantern in my hand,
To seek a man, is labor fine, I know;
But when night sees my lantern's rays expand,
'Tis then my torch, while on love quests I go.

Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.
Diogenes,
'Neath cloak of thine,
Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

Exempt from tax, deserter from the ranks,
I still, 'tis said, with public virtues shine;
For if they wanted tubs for vintage tanks,
Without a murmur I would lend them mine.

Diogenes,

'Neath cloak of thine,

Free and content, I sit and drink at ease.

Diogenes,

'Neath cloak of thine,

Free and content, I roll this tub of mine.

A TREATISE ON POLITICS.

Traité de politique.

THE HUNDRED DAYS, 1815.

[This song and that of the King of Yvetot effectually disprove any idea that Béranger was either a blind or servile partisan of Napoleon. The returned Emperor, here under the sobriquet of Lise, is cleverly counselled by the poet against the evils of ambition.]

LISE! who reignest by the grace
Of God, who equals all at last,
Thy beauty, which hath peerless place,
A crowd of rivals chaineth fast;
But wide howe'er may be thy rule,
It is the French who love profess;
Let 's, laughing, put thy faults to school,
For thy good subjects' happiness.

How many belles, and princes great,
Love to abuse their powers vast;

How many a lover, many a state,
Is driven to despair at last.
Fear lest some dread revolt from thee
May to thy boudoir gain access.
Lise, abjure all tyranny!
For thy good subjects' happiness.

By undue coquetry made blind,
Fair women are like conquerors too,
Who leave their country far behind
A hundred nations to subdue.
Oh, terrible coquettes are these!
Don't imitate their vain excess;
Go no more after conquests, Lise,
For thy good subjects' happiness.

Thanks to the courtiers full of zeal,
The approach to potentates doth lie
Less easy, than to a belle to steal
Under an ever jealous eye.

But on thy couch, that throne of peace,
Where Pleasure rules by laws express,
Be aye accessible, O Lise!
For thy good subjects' happiness.

Lise, kings in vain do us assure
They hold their patents from the skies;
As also thou, by nature pure,
From Heaven the right to charm all eyes.
When to such hands as thine, from ours
The sceptre goes in trustfulness,
From us thou still must hold its powers,
For thy good subjects' happiness.

That loved thou may'st be without cease,
Take to thy heart these verities;
Become a good princess, Lise!
And respect our liberties.
May Love, who doth the roses reap,
Bright wreaths upon thy forehead press,
And long thy crown in safety keep,
For thy good subjects' happiness!

THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG LADIES.

Le éducation des demoiselles.

A FINE girl's teacher, I must say,
Monsieur de Fénélon is,—pshaw!
'Tis mass and needlework alway,
He 's but a simpleton, mamma.
Balls, concerts, and the newest play
Instruct us better far than he;
Tra, la, la, la, we maidens gay,
Tra, la, la, la, so schooled are we!

Let others 'broidery do, mamma;
But I 'll to my piano get,
To sing an air from Armida,
My music master in duet.

I seem to feel the fiery ray
  Of Rénaud's love aflame in me;
Tra, la, la, la, we maidens gay,
  Tra, la, la, la, so schooled are we!

Let all who will book-keeping know,
  Mamma, then for an hour or two
I 'll to my dancing-master go,
  And learn voluptuous steps to do.
These lengthy gowns my feet delay,
  A shorter cut 's the thing for me;
Tra, la, la, la, we maidens gay,
  Tra, la, la, la, so schooled are we!

Old prudes may suit my sister Nell;
  Mamma, I 'll to the gallery go;
I draw already wondrous well
  The curves that round Apollo flow.

Good gracious! what fine figures they!
Such handsome nakedness to see!
Tra, la, la, la, we maidens gay,
Tra, la, la, la, so schooled are we!

Mamma, 'tis time that I were wed;
Regard to custom one must pay;
My dearest soul, 'tis truth I 've said;
I vow, the case needs no delay.
Strange things the world does of me say,
But winks at all this laughingly;
Tra, la, la, la, we maidens gay,
Tra, la, la, la, so schooled are we!

THOU HATEFUL SPRING!

Maudit Printemps!

FROM mine, through all the wintry weather,
I 've seen her at her casement stand.
Lovers, though each unknown to other,
The air across our kisses fanned.
A-past the leafless lindens peeping,
With lovers' looks we filled our days.
Thou art again their shade repeating;
Thou hateful Spring! wilt thou return always?

I 've lost her in their deepening shadows,
That dazzling angel over there;
Feeding, when frost hath clothed the meadows,
With crumbs of bread the birds of air.
They call to her, their frisk together
The signal unto love displays;

Ah! nothing's like the snowy weather!
Thou hateful Spring! wilt thou return always?

Without thee, her I'd still be seeing,
When she doth from sweet sleep arise.
Fresh as they paint Aurora, fleeing
To ope Day's curtains in the skies.
At eve I'd say, still towards her turning,
"My star yet shines across the maze.
She sleeps! no more her lamp is burning":
Thou hateful Spring! wilt thou return always?

For winter still my heart is praying;
Ah! how I long to hear again
The lightly bounding hail a-playing
A tattoo on the window-pane.
Thy olden empire doth but cheat me;
What are thy zephyrs, blooms, long days?
I have no more her smile to greet me.
Thou hateful Spring! wilt thou return always?

THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

Le violon brisé.

COME here, my poor dog, faithful beast;
Eat away, never mind my despair.
Here 's yet this last cake for our feast;
To-morrow on black bread we 'll fare.

The strangers who won by a ruse,
Last eve met me this valley in;
"Some dancing tune play,"—I refuse,—
Then one broke my poor violin.

It the villagers' orchestra made.
No more are our fêtes, happy days!
Whoe'er shall dance now 'neath the shade?
Who Love's quenchless flame again raise?

How oft at the sweet dawn of day,
With a vigorous scrape of my bow,
The bride I 've informed by my play
The young bridegroom's train was below.

To our priests, who would dare to draw near,
Our dancing did no offence bring.
Our gaiety spread without fear ;
Had smoothed e'en the brow of a king.

Though it preluded strains in our fame
To the songs it inspired us to make,
Who 'd think that these strangers who came,
Would ever revenge on it take ?

Come here, my poor dog, faithful beast ;
Eat away, never mind my despair.
Here 's yet this last cake for our feast ;
To-morrow on black bread we 'll fare.

How long will the Sunday seem now,
In barn or 'neath elm-tree shade?
Will God vintage blessing allow,
If no more is my violin played?

Long hours it once did relax;
From poor folks could care away drive;
From storms, from the great, from the tax,
It alone could our hamlet revive.

It charmed bitter hatred to mirth;
Of many a tear stopped the flow;
There never was sceptre on earth
Has done so much good as my bow.

This foe, though, whom forth we must chase,
My courage restores by this stroke.
My hands shall with musket replace
The poor violin which they broke.

So friends that I 'm parted from now,
One day, if I perish, will say,
Barbarians he would not allow
O'er our ruins to dance and be gay.

Come here, my poor dog, faithful beast;
Eat away, never mind my despair.
Here 's yet this last cake for our feast;
To-morrow on black bread we 'll fare.

THE HOLY ALLIANCE OF NATIONS.

La sainte Alliance des Peuples.

[Song sung at Liancourt, at the fête given by the Duc de Rochefoucauld, to celebrate the evacuation of French territory in the month of October, 1818.]

I HAVE seen Peace descend upon the earth,
Scattering her breast with flowers, and corn, and gold;
The air was calm, and of the god of wrath
The lurid bolts, she stifled and controlled.
Ah! said she, "Men, in courage equal all,
English, Russ, Belgian, German, Gallic land;
Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

" Poor mortals, wearied by such endless hate,
Ye never taste a sleep that 's free from care ;
Each from this globe can carve a just estate ;
Each of you may the genial sunshine share ;
Each of you, to the car of power a thrall,
Ye quit the path where happy dreams expand ;
Ye nations, join one holy compact all ;
Give each to each the hand !

" Unto your neighbor's doors ye carry flames ;
The North wind blows, in flames your roof-trees glow,
And when her coolness the scorched earth reclaims,
Your maimed and weary arms forsake the plough.
Within the line where each State's boundaries fall,
No harvest 's pure from blood that soaks the land.
Ye nations, join one holy compact all ;
Give each to each the hand !

" Those rulers in your cities wrapped in flame,
At end of their disdainful sceptres dare

Those souls to mark, to count, and to proclaim,
Whom bloody triumphs portioned to their care;
Ye weak ones sink, ye pass, defenceless fall!
From heavy yoke, 'neath cruel yoke trepanned;
Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"That Mars may not in vain arrest his course,
To aid your stricken land wise statutes bring;
Drain ye no more your life-blood from its source,
For mighty conqueror, for ungrateful king;
Ban the false stars and make their influence pall;
Frightful to-day, they pale to-morrow stand;
Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

"Yes, once more free, let the faint earth respire;
Veil now the past, your eyes now forward turn;
Sow blithe your fields to accents of the lyre;
Incense to arts now for your country burn:

Then Peace on Plenty's breast shall smiling fall,
And cull the sweet fruits of this marriage band.
Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!"

So spake she then, that virgin ever blest.
More than one king her words repeated o'er;
Fair as in spring, were their glad realms dressed,
Autumn with flowers adorned the Loves once more.
Flow good French wine! for him, whom back we call;
O'er the frontier the Exile seeks his land.
Ye nations, join one holy compact all;
Give each to each the hand!

THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS.

Le Marquis de Carabas.

NOVEMBER, 1816.

THIS old Marquis treats us, see!
As if a conquered race were we.
On his raw-boned charger gaunt
He comes home from far-off haunt.
Toward his castle old
Comes this noble mould,
Waving, short of breath,
Guiltless sword of death!
Hats off! hats off! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail! the Marquis of Carabas!

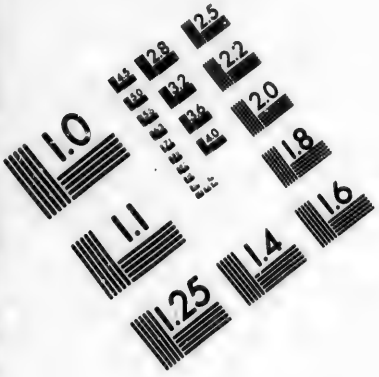
"Almoner and seneschal,
Liegemen, serfs, and vassals all!

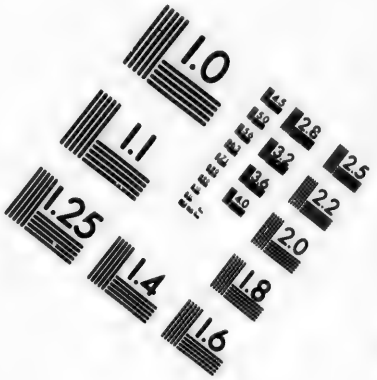
I, I only, by my word,"
Said he, "have my king restored.
Should he not restore
Rights my rank once wore,
He, by Jove! with me
A fine game will see."
Hats off! hats off! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail! the Marquis of Carabas!

"Some, inventing bad report,
A miller's name with mine consort;
My line its lineage won
Of yore from great Short Pepin's son.
Faith, from my device,
Is my house more nice,
And my blood more pure
Than the king's, I 'm sure."
Hats off! hats off! hurrah! hurrah
Hail! the Marquis of Carabas!

"Who shall stop my good report?
The Marchioness sits high at court.
Bishop some fine day to be,
My youngest son, the court shall see.
Son, the baron, you,
Though you funk, 'tis true,
Shall have crosses free,
Shall at least have three."
Hats off! hats off! hurrah! hurrah!
Hail! the Marquis of Carabas!

"All at peace then let us be!
But taxes they dare name to me.
Naught a noble owes the state;
For its own good he was create.
Thanks to my supply,
Arms and ramparts high,
I, my mind can well
To the prefect tell."





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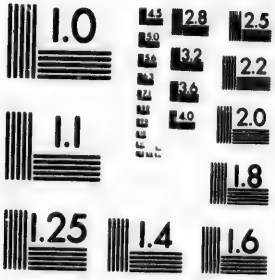
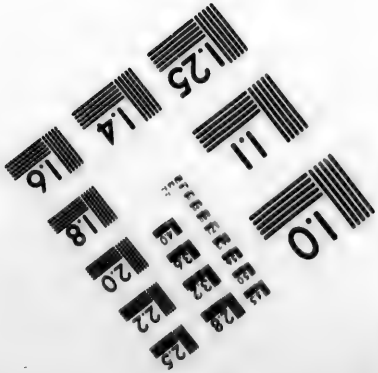




Hats off ! hats off ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hail ! the Marquis of Carabas !

" Priests, for you we vengeance take :
Of tithes with us division make !
You, ye beastly people, all
Again to feudal burdens fall !
We 've sole right of chase ;
And your sprouts of grace,
We will them requite
With seniorial right."
Hats off ! hats off ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hail ! the Marquis of Carabas !

" Curate, thou thy duty do
And wave for me thy censer too !
You, my pages, varlets, thrash
All the serfs and worthless trash !
From ancestors old,
I these high rights hold ;

They in turn shall go
To my heirs below."
Hats off ! hats off ! hurrah ! hurrah !
Hail ! the Marquis of Carabas !

IF A LITTLE BIRD I WERE.

Si jétais petit oiseau.

1817.

I, WHO only to the fair
Would a passing tribute pay,
Envy to the wings do bear
Of the birds so free and gay.
How far off their journeys lie!
All things lure them to the sky,—
The heaven 's fair, and soft the air;
I 'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

I then, taught by Philomel
Her sweet accents to prolong,

Would the rustic burden swell
Of the maiden's milking-song;
Then to hermit old would I,
Who, no holy-water nigh,
Yields his cloak at poor man's prayer—
I 'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

Then to some green grove would I,
Where wild topers full of glee,
Ravished with my piping high,
E'er would beauty toasting be.
There, my favorite song I 'd try,
For the warriors left to die;
Would their hamlet cheer from care.
I 'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

Then to turrets I would spring,
Where the wretched captives lie,

Would to them, with hidden wing,
Utter sweet and plaintive cry.
One might on my visit smile,
Another dream on bench the while
Of his cradle meadows fair.
I 'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

Then to charm, my wings I 'd ply,
Some king's heart a-wearying;
On a peaceful olive nigh
I to him my songs would sing.
Where'er weary exiles sigh
With a homeward-yearning eye,
From that tree a branch I 'd bear.
I 'd swiftly, swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

Then to where is born the dawn,
From you wicked ones I 'd flee;

Unless Love, still questing gone,
In his net surprises me;
Should this fowler naught goes by,
In some heaving bosom lie,
I am caught in a new snare;
There I 'd swiftly, swiftly fly,
If a little bird I were.

THE PLEBEIAN.

Le Vilain.

[This song is in answer to some who accused Beranger of inconsistency in using the aristocratic *de* before his name.]

HOW'S this? I hear some ill profess
That *de* before my name doth go;
"And are you of the old noblesse?"
I, noble? Faith, good sirs, oh no!
I no chivalric arms can show;
I ne'er have vellum-patent worn;
To love my country's all I know:
I am low-born, aye, most low-born;
I am low-born,
Low-born, low-born!

Ah! ne'er a *de* my spirit bore;
For of my blood, if truth will tell,
A noble's yoke my sires wore,
And cursed his despot ruling well.
His power was on an ancient base,
He was the millstone, they the corn.
He ground them well, his noble Grace.
I am low-born, aye, most low-born;
I am low-born,
Low-born, low-born!

My grandsires, ne'er on land of theirs
From their poor servants wrung a tear,
Never their noble scimetars
The people in the woods need fear.
Not one, when tired of his campaign,
Did Merlin's art in robes adorn
As Chamberlain of——Charlemagne.
I am low-born, aye, most low-born;
I am low-born,
Low-born, low-born!

My brave ancestors ne'er took part
In civil broil and party din ;
Nor in our towns with traitor's art
Brought they the English leopard in ;
And when the Church by its intrigue,
Of its true strength the State had shorn,
Not one of them e'er signed the league.
I am low-born, aye, most low-born ;
I am low-born,
Low-born, low-born !

Let me then 'neath my banner be,
You, sirs, who nose to windward run !
Nobles by button-holery,
Who incense every rising sun.
I honor but a common race ;
I flatter none but the forlorn,
I 've a kind heart, however base.
I am low-born, aye, most low-born.
I am low-born,
Low-born, low-born !

MY VOCATION.

Ma vocation.

THROWN upon this ball,
Ugly, suffering, slight;
Crowded, pushed by all,
Because I lack of height;
From my lips takes wing
A plaint, aye new begun;
The good God tells me, "Sing,
Sing, poor little one"!

Wealth's chariot dashes near,
And passing, splashes me;
Its power and pelf, with fear
Of insolence, I see;

From its prideful sting
Shelter have I none:
The good God tells me, "Sing,
Sing, poor little one"!

Dread lest I lose all
Poisons all my joy;
'Neath the chain I crawl
Of a mean employ;
Freedom 's a fine thing,
But I am hunger's son:
The good God tells me, "Sing,
Sing, poor little one"!

Love in my distress
Deigned to stand me by;
But with youthfulness
Forth I see him fly.
My heart in vain I wring,
By beauty's wiles undone;

The good God tells me, "Sing,
Sing, poor little one"!

To sing, or I am wrong,
Is my lot here below;
Will those who love my song
Not love me also?
When in the enchanted ring,
Where wine in mirth doth run,
The good God tells me, "Sing,
Sing, poor little one"!

MY REPUBLIC.

Ma république.

FOR republics I 've a taking
Since of kings I 've seen enough ;
One, my own, I 'll be a-making,
Give it good laws *quantum suf.*
Drink 's the only trade that 's stable ;
Nought 's our judge but Gaiety ;
All my realm is but a table ;
Its device is Liberty.

All my friends, take up your glasses !
Here the senate meets to-day.
At the first, quick sentence passes,
Banish *ennui* now alway !

Banish! what! ah! let forever
That word unknown with us be;
Ennui born among us? Never!
Pleasure follows Liberty.

Joy, with Luxury disagreeing,
Orders all excess to flee.
We, our thoughts from fetters freeing,
Answer Bacchus' mild decree.
Let each give as he professes
Honor to his own deity;
Who so wills may go to masses;
Such, I hold, is Liberty.

The noblesse are too aggressive;
Let your great ancestors rest.
No more titles even to guests give,
Who may laugh or drink the best.
Should a traitor come between us,
Reaching out for royalty,

Sink the Cæsar in Silenus
And preserve our Liberty!

Drink our fair republic's station!
Settled soon our state shall be:
But this so pacific nation
Fears e'en now an enemy.
'Tis Lisette, that 's us alarming;
In voluptuous bonds are we;
She will reign, for she is charming;
All is up with Liberty!

THE SWALLOWS.

Les hirondelles.

CAPTIVE on the Moorish main,
Bowed 'neath chains, a warrior cried,
" Birds, I welcome you again,
Enemies of winter's pride!
Swallows! followed by Hope's glance
In this burning clime alway,
Doubtless ye have quitted France;
Of my fair land have ye no word to say?

Ye, three years did I conjure,
Ye would some token bring to me
Of that vale, where I, obscure,
Dreamed my future sweet would be.

Where the pearly winding tide
Flows 'neath lilies bright as day,
Ye have seen my cot abide;
Of that sweet vale have ye no word to say?

One of you perchance was born
Within the roof my childhood knew;
There is a mother left forlorn;
Her sorrowing love is known to you.
Dying, still the thought she keeps,
My steps are ever on the way;
She listens, and again she weeps;
Of her fond love have ye no word to say?

Is she, my sister, married yet?
Say, have you seen the festive throng
Of our youths in circle met,
The nuptials pledging in their song?
Those friends of youth, whose love I earned,
Who 've followed me through many a fray,

Have all they to their homes returned?
Of all those friends have ye no word to say?

O'er their bodies may the foe
Now to our vale his passage take;
Beneath my roof as master go,
My sister's bonds of wedlock break.
All are into fetters thrown;
No more for me shall mother pray;
Swallows from my country flown,
Of her deep griefs have ye no word to say?

WINTER.

L'hiver.

THE blithe birds have flown away;
Winter after them doth chase;
Over field and dwelling place
Doth his icy mantle lay.
On my window-panes that shine
He doth brilliant flowers design;
Makes my doors to creak and whine;
Gives my dog a shivering spell.
Rouse yourselves, no loitering make;
Slumbering coals from ashes wake;
Let 's be warm, let's warm us well!

O good traveller, you 're too bold ;
Back now to your family ;
For by my fire's sparks I see
Still more ardent grows the cold.
Yet more brave I face its frown ;
Rose, in furred and quilted gown,
'Gainst the frost-king's icy crown,
Says she 'll as my shelter dwell.
Rose, your hands will surely freeze ;
Take your place upon my knees ;
Let 's be warm, let 's warm us well !

Fast the shades speed on, and night
Rolls her chariot o'er the snow.
Rose, we of Love's favor know ;
He from us the day doth fright.
But a couple comes this way,
Joyous friend and beauty gay ;
Enter both, no watchword say :

Pleasure does not fear you 'll tell.
There 's less cold than tenderness,
As around the fire we press :
Let 's be warm, let 's warm us well !

Our caresses now have ceased,
From the intruding lamp-light fled ;
Rose doth quick the table spread,
And we gaily share the feast.
Our blithe friend doth now prevail ;
Tells a famous brigand's tale ;
Of a spectre grim and pale
Makes a faithful chronicle ;
Whilst the cup glows ruby fine
From the fire that licks the wine :
Let 's be warm, let 's warm us well !

'Neath thy ice-flakes, Winter dark,
Nature fair doth buried lie :
Let the north wind grumble by,
Ne'er to him our songs shall hark.

Fancy, led by Love elate,
Forms a world beside the grate,
Such as the sweet heavens create;
  Where in Wealth's stead Love doth dwell.
All our doors and windows close
Till again returns the rose.
  Let 's be warm, let 's warm us well!

THE HUNTER AND THE MILKMAID.

Le chasseur et la laitière.

THE lark, her morning song has made,
Chanting the dawn of rosy day ;
Follow the hunter 'neath the shade,
Milkmaid, he of love would say.
Trip lightly through the dews, my dear ;
He 'll cull thee flowers of vernal prime ;
" No, hunter, I my mother fear ;
I do not wish to lose my time."

Thy mother and her goat so true,
Far by yon bank are loitering ;
Listen to this sonnet new,
That damsels at the castle sing.

The girl who chants this lay, secures
The most inconstant to its rhyme.
"Hunter! I know one sweet as yours;
I do not wish to lose my time."

Then learn from me to tell the tale
Of a jealous baron dead,
Who did to his death-vault hale
The beauty whom in life he wed.
When one at midnight this shall tell,
The hearers quake till matin chime;
"Hunter! I know that spectre well;
I do not wish to lose my time."

I can teach thee, then, the prayer,
That the furious wolf can charm,
'Gainst the witches' art prepare,
Turn from us the eye of harm.
Dread lest some old hag in need
Cast a spell upon your prime;

"Hunter! have I not my beads?
I do not wish to lose my time."

Ah, well! see this cross inlaid;
Count the rubies rich that shine;
On the breast of some young maid,
'T would to her all eyes incline.
Take it, nor for cost allow;
But note, I wait its worth sublime.
"'Tis lovely, ah! I hear you now!
Truly, *this* doth not lose me time."

THE FIFTY CROWNS.

Les cinquante écus.[1]

THANK God! an heirship I 'm conveyed,
The charming trade
For me was made
Of an annuitant.
Labor's abuse I now defy;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

Friends, I 've of the land full swing:
I 've everything
Just like a king,
If glory is my bent.

Honors on me crowded lie;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

To use my rich man's right of way,
Without delay,
On cabriolet
Of form most elegant,
My dazzled creditors I 'll fly;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

Surenne and thy hills, adieu!
Now Bordeaux,
And Mursaulx,
Champagne to song lent,
I shall all their merits try;
Fifty crowns have I,

Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

Liz, my dear! dress and be gay,
That alway
New display
Riches may invent.
You must no more tinsel buy;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

You that for my guests I hold,
Friends so bold,
Parents old,
Sister, young, piquante,
On dress, lodging, food rely;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

Friends, love, ease, good wine, I seek;
You one week
I bespeak,
Crown my good intent.
Stocks shall after interest fly;
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I,
Fifty crowns have I of rent!

THE YOUNG MUSE.

La jeune muse.

["In reply to some verses addressed to me by a little girl aged twelve years."—NOTE OF BÉRANGER.

WHAT! you for verse are quitting
The pleasures of your age!
My Muse, whom you are flatt'ring,
Doth plight the Loves her gage.
Children are the Loves too,
Of voice most sweet and fine;
But alas! twelve years belong to you,
And forty years are mine!

Why talk of laurels winning;
They 're watered aye with tears;

Never the Muse of singing
The crown of glory wears.
One flowery prize we cling to,
The pride of Spring benign;
But alas! twelve years belong to you,
And forty years are mine!

Young bird, your flight be taking
The grove to render gay;
Still sweeter songs be making
To charm some later day.
That I 'll inspire the strain too,
It is a hope divine;
But alas! twelve years belong to you,
And forty years are mine!

Then to crown me with flowers,
Yes, you 'll no more delight;
Within fair flattery's bowers
Your genius will be dight;

Ah! my poor incense unto
That day your heart incline;
For scarce are twenty years for you,
When fifty years are mine!

FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

Adieu de la campagne.

NOVEMBER, 1821.

SUN, so soft at the decline of autumn!
O yellow woods, I 'm with you yet once more!
I cannot hope that hatred e'er will pardon
My songs, that on their wings too swiftly soar.
In this retreat, where has returned the zephyr,
I oft of coming fame to dreaming fell;
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

Free as the birds amid the leafy bower,
Why did I not there leave my songs to die;

But wicked hands I saw my France deflower;
Her splendid crest beneath their yoke did lie.
I sent my shafts of satire flying thither,
Though Love inspired me all his joys to tell.
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

E'en doth their rage against my pittance lower;
They to the court-room drag my gaiety;
They with a holy mask their vengeance cover;
What! would they blush my honest face to see?
Ah! God hath not their hearts, to curse me eager;
Bigotry's birth is of the gods of Hell.
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

If I o'er tombs have reawakened Glory,
If I my prayers for famous soldiers make,
Have I for gold, before the feet of Victory,
Encouraged tyrants down their states to break?

Not to the rising sun of empire either,
Did here my Muse her venal praises sell.
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

Let, then, in hope my pride of soul to tame,
Counting my chains, Bellart himself amuse;
To the eyes of France, though humbled is her name,
The dungeon gloom irradiates my Muse.
Hung on its bars, my lyre I bequeathe her;
Upon it there the eyes of Fame shall dwell.
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

At least, seek, Philomel, my prison wall!
Of yore, a *king* caused all those ills to you.
Away!—for me I hear the jailer call;
Woods, waters, meadows, fragrant flowers, adieu!

My chains are ready! Freedom, though I leave her,
I go inspired her glorious hymn to swell.
Deign one more smile, thou vast and cloudless æther;
Oh, echoing woods, repeat my last farewell!

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

Le pigeon messager.

1822.

THE champagne sparkled, and my mistress young
Sang of the gods of Greece, their worship stopped;
Comparing France here with the Greece she sung,
Were we, when at our feet a pigeon dropped.
Nœris from 'neath his wing a letter drew,
Of his long-cherished haunts he was in quest;
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true!
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast!

He 's fall'n, o'erwearied by too long a way;
Again we 'll make him swift, and strong, and free.

Some tradesman's message is he bearing, say?
Or love to beauty plighting fealty?
Perhaps his long-sought nest he 's winging to,
With latest words of exiles, long distressed;
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true!
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast!

What words are these? it is our land he seeks!
It is to France, and to the Greeks he fares;
It comes from Athens! glorious news it speaks!
Let 's read it then, we have the right of heirs.
Athens is free! oh, friends, what tidings new!
What laurels suddenly do raise their crest!
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true!
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast!

Athens is free! ah, drink to the good Greeks!
Nœris, behold the new-born demi-gods!
In vain decrepit Europe, trembling, seeks
To pass these mighty elders 'neath her rods.

They still are conquerors ; still fair Athens view !
No more to ruins be your vows addressed ;
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true !
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast !

Athens is free ! oh, Muse of Pindar, rise !
With harp, and voice, and trumpet now take wings ;
Athens is free ! barbarians flee her skies !
Athens is free ! in spite of all our kings !
Informed by her the world shall take its due ;
In Paris shall another Athens rest.
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true !
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast !

Yes, beauteous traveller to Hellas' shore,
Rest thee awhile, then to thy loves apace ;
Fly soon away,—in Athens light once more,
Vultures and tyrants bravely in thy chase.

Then trembling kings and tottering thrones unto,
Bear a free people's shouts upon thy vest.
Drink of my cup, O messenger so true!
And sleep in peace upon my Nœris' breast!

THE SYLPHIDE.

La sylphide.

E'EN Reason has her ignorance ;
Her torchlight is not always clear.
She casts at you her doubting glance,
Charming sylphs, ye folk of air !
But throwing her big ægis by,
For nought my curious eye could see,
A sylphide, late I did espy.
Airy sylphs, my guardians be !

Yes, you on roses' breasts were born.
The Morn's and Zephyr's babes are you.
You varied brilliant shapes adorn,
Whence we our pleasure's secrets drew.

A breath of yours our tears can dry ;
You can from mists the azure free ;
Yes, seen my sylphide's charms have I.
Airy sylphs, my guardians be !

Her origin I could divine,
Whene'er at banquet or at ball.
I 've seen her robings infantine,
And what they lacked pleased best of all.
Her ribbon lost, her clasp undone,—
Graceful before, then most was she ;
Of sisters, the most perfect one.
Airy sylphs, my guardians be !

Nurtured upon the Graces' laps,
In her, your sweet caprice I view.
She 's a child that 's spoiled, perhaps,
But she 's a child that 's spoiled by you.
I saw, beneath her idle air,
The dreamer, Love, make eyes at me.

Ye, who have tender hearts in care,
Airy sylphs, my guardians be!

But her lovely childishness
Hides a spirit, too, as bright
As youth's dreams in rosy dress
You bring to us in gay delight.
From the sparkle's glowing breast
Skyward with me did she flee.
All your wings she had impressed.
Airy sylphs, my guardians be!

Rapid meteor! vanished! passed!
Too swift and far she 's from us flown.
Have I on her looked my last?
Does she some sylph-husband own?
No, like queen-bee, she alone
Reigns o'er a realm of mystery.
Borne by you, I seek her throne.
Airy sylphs, my guardians be!

THE TAILOR AND THE FAIRY.

Le tailleur et la fée.

["Song sung to my friends on my birthday, the 19th of August, 1822."—NOTE OF BÉRANGER.

Béranger's grandfather was a tailor. The predictions of the fairy in the second stanza were incidents of his youth. The "bolt" mentioned in the text has reference to his being struck by lightning when a boy and severely injured.]

IN Paris here, so full of want and gold,
In seventeen-eighty of the Christian year,
A tailor lived, my grandsire poor and old,
I then new-born, what happened to me, hear.
Nothing predicted me an Orpheus' fame;
No flowers did Fate in my rude cradle lay;
But at my cries my grandsire ran one day,
And found a fairy held me when he came.
And this fairy with a burden gay
Soothed the cry of my first cares away.

The good old man said to her anxiously,
" On what has Fate for this child set her mark?"
She answered him, " By this wand's aid I see
He 'll be an inn-boy, printer, and a clerk.
For proof a thunderbolt I did engage:
Thy son had surely then to death been doomed;
But God takes heed, He hath the bird replumed,
To singing fly, and brave the tempest's rage."
And then the fairy, with a burden gay,
Soothed the cry of my first cares away.

" All the pleasures, all the sylphs of youth,
Shall wake his lyre upon the breast of night.
He shall bring joy beneath the poor man's roof,
And banish *ennui* from the rich outright.
But what is that which wakes his saddened strain?
Glory and Liberty engulfed he sees;
And like a frightened fisherman he flees
To tell the port of shipwrecks in the main."

And then the fairy with a burden gay
Soothed the cry of my first cares away.

"What has my daughter given me?" doth he cry.
"Must a song-maker be my only stay?
Than feeble echo, 'mid vain sounds to die,
He 'd better ply the needle night and day."
"You 're wrong," the fairy said, "to be alarmed;
Great talents often have less fair reward;
For his gay songs the French shall hold regard,
And to their source the exile's tears be charmed."
And then the fairy with a burden gay
Soothed the cry of my first cares away.

Friends, I was yesterday weak and morose,
Once more the kindly fay I did behold;
With careless fingers she deflowered a rose,
She said, "I see thou art already old.
Yet the mirage is in the desert born;
Memory to old hearts brings sweet delight;

Friends even now to feast thee do unite,
Revisit scenes that did thy youth adorn."
And then the fairy with a burden gay
As aforetime dissolved my cares away.

MY BOAT.

Ma nacelle.

ON wave, eve and morn,
Floating tranquilly,
My light bark is borne
By breath of destiny;
My swelling sail now see!
I leave behind the shore;
Ah! my bark, float free!
O, zephyr soft, be true to me!
Ah! my bark, float free!
We 'll find a port once more.

For passenger I 've ta'en
The singing Muse along;

My light course o'er the main
She cheers with her sweet song.
The wanton maid in glee
Sings for every shore ;
Ah ! my bark, float free !
O, zephyr soft, be true to me !
Ah ! my bark, float free !
We 'll find a port once more.

When from the tempest's breast
A hundred bolts take wings,
The shores quake in unrest,
And fearful are the kings,—
Pleasure calls to me,
Waiting on further shore ;
Ah ! my bark, float free !
O, zephyr soft, be true to me !
Ah ! my bark, float free !
We 'll find a port once more.

A far-off sunny stripe
Gleams through the changing sky ;
It makes the vintage ripe
Which topers longing eye.
With new wine let 's be
In ballast for that shore :
Ah ! my bark, float free !
O, zephyr soft, be true to me !
Ah ! my bark, float free !
We 'll find a port once more.

Toward well-known shores, now glad,
We in turn do bear ;
The Graces, half unclad,
Love's tryst are holding there ;
Ye gods ! that fairest she
I hear sigh on the shore :
Ah ! my bark, float free !
O, zephyr soft, be true to me !

Ah! my bark, float free!
We 'll find a port once more.

From that false rock afar,
Where laurels have their birth,
Guides me, what happy star,
Towards a humble hearth?
'Tis Friendship o'er the lee
Renews my feast on shore:
Ah! my bark, float free!
O, zephyr soft, be true to me!
Ah! my bark, float free!
We 'll find a port once more.

THE COURT POET.

La Poete de Cour.

THEY hire
The pipe and lyre ;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be.

What, Mary ! sing for thee once more ?
No, truly, I dare not obey ;
My Muse at last is nerved to soar
And toward the court she takes her way.
I 'll wage, should Voltaire be reborn,
They 'd raise a loan to buy him too ;
For sale to ministers I 'm sworn ;
I can no longer sing for you.

They hire
The pipe and lyre ;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be.

Should I speak but to pleasure thee,
  Others would smile in pitying scorn ;
Love now of least account we see ;
  The great have Friendship from us torn.
Even is patriotism hissed ;
  Their best lore is to reckon true ;
I write odes to an egotist ;
  I can no longer sing for you.

They hire
The pipe and lyre ;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be.

I fear that by thy voice inspired,
  I 'd laud the Greeks, heroic race ;

Against whom Europe hath conspired
Lest still she 'd blush before their face.
'Twould grieve thy generous soul in vain;
Their ills thy sorrows would renew;
For me, I sing of happy Spain,
I can no longer sing for you.

They hire
The pipe and lyre;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be.

Gods! how my hopes would all be o'er,
If I should speak thy hero's name;
He left of glory such a store
That we are burdened with our fame.
Whilst thy hand adorns his bust
With laurels where respect is due,
I incense presence most august,
I can no longer sing for you.

They hire
The pipe and lyre;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be.

Why do you doubt, my Mary dear,
This change hath come thy lover o'er?
Fame, country, freedom, honor here
Are words that men discount no more.
Your songs must in their satire prey
Upon the great I 'm cringing to;
No, whatsoe'er my heart would say,
I can no longer sing for you.

They hire
The pipe and lyre;
As for others, 'tis for me
Meet that I court poet be

THE BIRTHDAY.

L'Anniversaire.

HELOISE, darling, do you know
It is a year since you 've been born?
Thy future ne'er shall fairer show,
Though sweetest smiles should it adorn.
These flowers bloomed for thy renown;
If 't please thee, deck thyself, my joy.
You are charming in this crown;
Then do not make of it a toy.

A child, who never grows to age,
Knowing to whom your birth you owe,
That you will learn to please will gage,
'Tis Love, whom you will some day know.

Him for a thousand causes dread,
Though foster-brother be the boy,
For of the rose-wreath on your head
He 'll wish to make himself a toy.

Hope, hovering on her brilliant wings,
Above thee, will delighted fly ;
How many forms of smiling things
You will through her bright prism spy !
When once to her sweet dreams a slave,
You may much happiness enjoy,
If, for each age of life you brave,
She will reserve for you a toy.

THE IMAGINARY VOYAGE.

Le voyage imaginaire.

1824.

NOW, Autumn, hastening on her humid wing
To new-found grief again apportions me.
In pain alway; a poor and timid thing,
I see turn pale my flowers of gaiety.
Snatch, snatch me from the mires of Lutece!
Might some bright heaven beam across mine eye,
As in my boyhood's days I dreamed of Greece;—
'Tis there, 'tis there that I would wish to die!

In vain; they Homer would to me translate.
Aye, I was Greek,—Pythagoras was right;

Athens 'neath Pericles my mother State ;
I braved with Socrates the dungeon's night ;
I 've incensed Phidias' marble ecstasies ;
I 've glanced Ilissus' flowering borders by ;
I 've stirred upon its slopes, Hymettus' bees.
'Tis there, 'tis there that I would wish to die !

Ye gods ! with but one day my vision star !
Revive my heart with those unclouded rays ;
Cries Liberty, whose form I hail afar,
" Haste, Thrasybulus grasps the victor's bays !"
Away ! away ! the bark prepares her sail,
Sea, o'er thy bosom safely let me fly !
Let me my muse at the Pireus hail !
'Tis there, 'tis there that I would wish to die !

Soft are the tinted heavens of Italy ;
But slavery obscures their azure ray.
Speed, pilot, farther on, I pray to thee,
Speed yonder, where is born so pure a day.

What waves are these? what is that savage rock?
What glowing soil my vision doth descry!
There Tyranny is meeting his death-shock!
'Tis there, 'tis there that I would wish to die!

Take a barbarian! to your port I fly!
Virgins of Athens, make my accents brave!
For your fair clime I quit a niggard sky,
Where Genius 'neath the kings is held a slave.
O, save my lyre from their foul distrust!
And if my songs can move one tender sigh,
Mingle my ashes with Tyrtæus' dust;—
'Neath that fair heaven, I have come now to die!

LAFAYETTE IN AMERICA.

Lafayette en Amérique.

REPUBLICANS, what retinue comes here?
Steps on our shore an aged warrior forth;
Comes he to us some kingly pact to swear?
Against him kings have kindled high their wrath.
Where is his power? He crossed the waves alone;
What hath he done? He broke the fetter's band;
Man of two worlds, his fame 's immortal grown.
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land!

O European! upon all this shore,
Which now resounds with loud and joyous cries,
Thou seest reign, enfranchised evermore,
Peace, labor, law girt round with moral ties.

The oppressed a refuge find on this free sod,
Our wastes are peopled by the tyrant's hand,
Man and his rights have here for judge, a God:
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land!

This happy state cost us such blood and grief!
We sank, when Lafayette his standard reared!
Pointed to France, made Washington his chief,
Fought, conquered, and the English disappeared.
For his own land, for sacred Liberty,
Great 'mid reverses oft he since did stand.
From Olmutz fetter-marks we make him free:
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land!

This aged friend we so rejoice to see,—
This hero chosen by a hero chief,—
Blest once of yore our new-born Freedom's tree
And hailed the presage of its budding leaf.
To-day, this tree, in all its leaves arrayed,
Braves high in peace cold blast and lightning brand;

He comes to rest beneath its fruitful shade:
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land!

Our veterans now, his voice and features own;
Around him throng our chiefs and sagest scribes.
Mark, a whole people! at his name alone,
From out their forests crawl the savage tribes.
For this vast throng, the sacred tree doth make
A shade of boughs that ever green expand—
The winds afar shall its ripe seedlings take:
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land.

The European, whom these words amaze,
Had followed conquerors, did on monarchs wait;
Slaves, to those idols, did their incense raise,
A free-born people's honors are more great.
"Alas!" he cried, and o'er the wave, his eye
Seemed searching for a dear, far-distant strand,
"That these two worlds in virtue might draw nigh:"
Triumphal days, shine forth o'er every land!

THE GOOD OLD DAME.

La bonne vieille.

[The subject of this song was the same woman who inspired the one called "*Maudit Printemps*," or "Hateful Spring," which is translated in another part of this book. Béranger cherished for her a life-long affection and that of quite a different nature from those he celebrates elsewhere.]

THOU wilt grow old, my mistress fair and true!
Thou wilt grow old, and I shall be no more.
In its swift flight, time now has seemed with you,
The days that I have lost, to count twice o'er.
Survive me, but when painful age you brook,
Hold to my lessons faithfully and long;
And, good old dame, in peaceful chimney-nook,
Thy loved one's verses still repeat in song.

When the eye traces 'neath thy furrowed brow
The charming traits which so inspired me,

The youth so eager for sweet tales, will now
Say, "What was this friend so much wept by thee?"
If possible, thou 'lt paint my loving look,
My ardor, ecstasy, and dread of wrong;
And, good old dame, in peaceful chimney-nook,
Thy loved one's verses still repeat in song.

They 'll ask thee, "Could he too inspire love?"
"I loved him," thou, without a blush, wilt say.
"Could any one base trait against him prove?"
"Never," with pride, thou wilt reply alway.
Oh! say, when blithe his joyous lute he strook,
His heart was aye with love and feeling strong;
And, good old dame, in peaceful chimney-nook,
Thy loved one's verses still repeat in song.

Thou, whose tears I 've taught to flow for France,
Say to the sons of the new hero band,
That I have sung of fame and happy chance,
To charm from grief my dear unhappy land.

Remind them how the dreadful north wind shook,
And wrought our twenty laurel-harvests wrong;
And, good old dame, in peaceful chimney-nook,
Thy loved one's verses still repeat in song.

Beloved form! when my short-lived renown,
From thy old years shall charm away the grief,
When shall thy feeble hand my portrait crown
With the fair flowers of each spring's budding leaf,
Then upward to the world of spirits look,
Where we for aye shall join the heavenly throng;
And, good old dame, in peaceful chimney-nook,
Thy loved one's verses still repeat in song.

LOUIS XI.

Louis XI.

OUR old King Louis, hidden in these towers,
Whom each in low voice names,
Vainly comes here in time of springing flowers,
To smile upon our games.

Dance, ye happy village throng!
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

While we with song, love, laugh, these fields have trod,
Louis keeps prisoner there.
He fears the great, the people, even God,—
But most he fears his heir.

Dance, ye happy village throng!
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

See there! a hundred lifted halberds shine
Within the soft sun-ray!
Do ye not hear the guard's quick countersign
Blent with the drawn bolt's bray?

Dance, ye happy village throng!
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

He comes! he comes! ah, the most humble shed
Envy its peace, he may!

Doth it not seem some phantom pale doth tread
Past those thick stanchions grey?

Dance, ye happy village throng!
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

We, in our cots, with what a fancy grand,
Have decked the monarch fair.
What! for the sceptre, a weak palsied hand!
The crown, a brow of care!

Dance, ye happy village throng!
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

Despite our songs, he quakes, his lip he bites ;
The clock hath caused his fears.
He always thus, whene'er the hour strikes,
His belfry signal hears.

Dance, ye happy village throng !
Lads, lasses, bound
O'er the ground !
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song !

Alas ! our joy makes sadder still his mood :
He with his favorite goes.
Fearing his hate, let 's say, our sire good,
Smiles to his children shows.

Dance, ye happy village throng !
Lads, lasses, bound

O'er the ground!
Join ye in a merry round,
While sound
Pipe and song!

THE PRISONER'S FIRESIDE.

Le feu du prisonnier.

LA FORCE, 1829.

AH, sweet companionship the fire can be
Unto the prisoner, winter evenings long;
Then a good Genius dwells alone with me;
Warms, gossips, rhymes, or warbles some old song.
Within the glowing coals he makes me see
Woods, waters, worlds, all with an instant's ruse;
Then, with the smoke, all weary wishes flee;
Long time, good Genius, deign me to amuse!

My youth, he led in dreams, or tears, or mirth;
My age, he yet with boyish pastime cheers;
He draws a ship with finger on the hearth;
Three masts upon the stormy wave appears.

The ship speeds on, a cloudless heaven o'er,
'Tis spring-time, hark, that cheering of the crew's!
I stand alone, enchained upon the shore;
Long time, good Genius, deign me to amuse!

What 's this I see? an eagle in the sky?
Of the sun's height is he now taking note?
It 's a balloon; I see the streamers fly!
And there 's the pilot in his airy boat!
The daring one, if pity in him lies,
Ruth for these wall-pent folk he 'll not refuse.
What a pure air he breathes, so free and high!
Long time, good Genius, deign me to amuse!

'Tis a Swiss Canton, ah! the landscape fair!
Lakes, glaciers, torrents, valleys, herds, I see:
Had I fled thence, I 'd shunned the tempest there;
There was I offered rest by Liberty.
O'er those huge mountain crests my passage lay,
Our old-flown banner, there my fancy views,

I could not tear my heart from France away.
Long time, good Genius, deign me to amuse!

Again that mirage in the desert lies!
Genius, that sloping woodland let us take;
In vain they tell me in low voice, "Be wise!
Bend but a knee and you 'll your fetters break."
Thou, who in scorn the watchful jailer holds,
My youth, despite my fifty years, renews,
Strike quick thy wand amidst the glowing coals!
Long time, good Genius, deign me to amuse!

THE GODDESS.

La déesse.

[On a person whom the author had seen representing Liberty in one of the fêtes of the Revolution.]

AND is it thou, thou whom I saw so fair,
When round thy car a people thronged so oft,
With cheers bade thee the name immortal wear,
The standard brandished in thy hand aloft?
In our respect, our shouts of joyousness,
Thy beauty, and thy glorious chivalry,
Thou proudly rolledst, thou wert our goddess, yes,
Goddess of Liberty!

O'er Gothic ruins took thy triumph way;
Our brave defenders pressed around thy feet;
While flowers rained, the virgins, chaste and gay,
Did with their songs the hymn of battle greet.

I, a poor child, an orphan's doom my lot,
A bitter cup it was that nurtured me,
Cried out, "Be thou the mother I have not,
Goddess of Liberty!"

That epoch 's stained with names of frightful fame,
But I, then young, was not with judgment filled;
In spelling "country," word of sweetest name,
With horror 'gainst the stranger I was thrilled.
All was turmoil; all armed for the defence;
In boldness o'er them all was Poverty;—
Ah! give me back my childhood's hope intense,
Goddess of Liberty!

Volcano quenched 'neath ashes which it threw,
A score years later, sleep this race controlled;
The stranger towards us with his balance drew,
Twice said to us, "Gauls, we will weigh your gold."
When we in ardor blessed the heavenly beam,
Raised beauty on her altar glad and free,

Thou didst but seem to us some happy dream,
Goddess of Liberty!

Once more I see thee, Time's too rapid flight
Hath dulled those eyes where Love did laughing play;
Once more I see thee, and thy brow of blight
Seems at my voice to blush for thy fair day.
Be reassured; car, altar, flowers, of yore,—
Youth, virtue, glory, grandeur, pride, hope, flee,—
They 're perished all; thou 'rt goddess now no more,
Goddess of Liberty!

THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

Le quatorze Juillet.

LA FORCE, 1829.

["The fourteenth of July, 1789, was an unusually fine day, and the fourteenth of July, 1829, was equally fine, though the summer had been terribly wet. The French Guards wore blue uniforms. A large number of these soldiers escaped from their barracks and rendered most valuable service to the Parisians, in taking the old feudal fortress."—NOTE OF BÉRANGER.

Beranger, when he wrote this song, was confined for political satires in the prison of La Force.]

UNTO a captive memory full of charms!
I then was young; "We 'll be revenged!" they cry;
"To the Bastile! to arms! with haste, to arms!"
Artisans, gentry, merchants, all rush by.

Pallor I saw o'er maid, wife, mother, steal;
To the drum-beat, the cannon roared away;
Victory is ours! we 've taken the Bastile!
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!

Children, old men, the rich and poor, embrace;
The women, o'er a thousand feats, rejoice;
A blue-coat soldier, passing by, they grace,
The siege's hero, with their hands and voice.
The name of king is thundered on my ear;
With love, they 're shouting, "Lafayette!" alway.
Now France is free! my reason wakes from fear;
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!

An old man, on the morrow, learned and grave,
Guided my steps o'er ruins vast of size:
"My son," said he, "here tyrants did enslave
A people; here have stifled all their cries.

To hold the crowd of captives in the walls,
Beneath each tower so deep they dug away,
At the first shock, the ancient castle falls.
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!

"Ancient and holy rebel, Liberty,
My son, armed with our grandsire's chains doth rise;
She to her triumph calls Equality,
Pregnant with deeds, who redescends the skies.
From these twain sisters the bolts roar and glow;
Mirabeau thundering doth the court affray:
His voice we laud, 'Another Bastile, ho!'
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!

"Where now we sow, another race shall reap;
Our strifes, to twenty kings, resounding go;
Trembling, their hands upon their crowns they keep;
Their subjects all, of us, are speaking low.

This era, teeming with the rights of man,
Begins with us, and round the earth makes way:
A new world, on these ruins, God shall plan!
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!'

These lessons, that an old man gave me then,
As memories in my heart, did sleeping lie;
But after twenty years, they wake again,
Behind the bolts, the Fourteenth of July.
O Liberty! my voice they 'd quench in hate:
Unto these walls I 'll chant thee while I may;
The dawn comes smiling at my prison grate!
A glorious sun hath welcomed this great day!
Hath welcomed this great day!

THE SONG OF THE COSSACK.

Le chant du Cosaque.

COME, courser mine, the Cossack's noble friend,
Speed at the trumpet signal of the North!
Fierce to attack, or prompt to pillage, bend,
And with me on the wings of death fly forth.
No gold thy selle or bridle gives to view;
The might of my exploits this guerdon brings.
O proudly neigh, my courser tried and true;
Tramp 'neath thy feet the nations and their kings!

Peace, fled from earth, hath left me to thy rein;
The ramparts of old Europe fall apart;
Come, fill with gold my greedy hands amain;
Come, rest thee in the dwelling-place of art.

Return to drink of ruffled Seine anew,
Blood drenched, a third time in its waters spring;
O proudly neigh, my courser tried and true;
Tramp 'neath thy feet the nations and their kings!

As in a fort, priests, princes, nobles, all
Besieged by their poor subjects now we see;
"Come, be our masters!" loud to us they call;
"We would be slaves, that we might tyrants be!
I 've ta'en my lance, and vowed an oath thereto,
It shall to earth the cross and sceptre fling.
O proudly neigh, my courser tried and true;
Tramp 'neath thy feet the nations and their kings!

I saw a giant's phantom, vast of size;
His eye upon our bivouac did rest;
"I recommence my reign!" he thundering cries,
And with his axe he pointed towards the west.
The Hun King's shade immortal then I knew.
I 'm Attila's son! in ear his bidding rings!

O proudly neigh, my courser tried and true ;
Tramp 'neath thy feet the nations and their kings !

That pomp, the pride of Europe and its lust,
That boasted knowledge which defenceless lies—
Shall all be swallowed by the waves of dust
That now around thy trampling steps arise.
Efface, efface, whilst thou thy course renew,
Dome, palace, manners, laws, remembered things !
O proudly neigh, my courser tried and true ;
Tramp 'neath thy feet the nations and their kings !

FIFTY YEARS.

Cinquante ans.

WHEREFORE these flowers? a fête for me?
No! this bouquet tells me instead,
Already half a century
Has flown to-day above my head.
Ah! how the happy days glide by!
Ah! those lost moments fled so fast!
Ah! how the wrinkles I descry!
Alas! my fifty years are past!

At this age all our joys are o'er:
Dead fruit on withered boughs displayed;
But some one knocks upon my door,
I open not, my part is played.

Some doctor, I 'd a wager set,
  Leaves card at Time's old lodge at last.
I once had said, "It is Lisette."
  Alas! my fifty years are past!

Old age doth in sharp pains abound;
  We are belabored by the gout;
Our blindness is a dark profound;
  Our deafness, each one laughs about.
Then reason's light, with failing ray,
  Doth but a trembling flicker cast.
Honor to age, ye children, pay!
  Alas! my fifty years are past!

O heavens! grave-digging Death I hear
  Rubbing his hands in joyous mind;
Knocks at my door with dismal jeer,
  "Adieu, fair sirs of humankind!"
Below, are famine, plague, and war;
  Above, the stars are glinting fast;

God yet gives life,—I 'll ope the door!
Alas! my fifty years are past!

But no! 'tis thou, thou youthful dear,
Sister of Charity and Love.
These nightmare days, bereft of cheer,
Thou lift'st my slumbering soul above.
Sowing the roses of thine age,
Like those that spring o'er all doth cast,
Perfume the dreamings of the sage.
Alas! my fifty years are past!

THE REFUSAL.

Le refus.

[Song addressed to General Sebastiani.]

COURT pensioned, I! what 's this I hear?
The thing, my honor steereth clear.
No printed puffs for me!
Little suffices for my need;
But, when I think of hearts that bleed,
Born rich I seem to be.

With some poor or suffering friend
One may not rank or honors spend;
But share his gold, one may.
Hurrah for gold! yes, were I king,
If but five hundred francs t' would bring,
I 'd pawn my crown away.

If, in my nook, gold raineth spare,
Quickly it goes, God knoweth where;
My hoarding talent 's bad;
To give my worn-out pockets peace,
I should have had, at his decease,
The needles of grandad.

Friend, keep your gold! it 's not for me.
In youth I married Liberty;
Alas! the lame 's but rude.
I, who in verse, sang in my day
Of many beauties free and gay,
Die, slave unto a prude.

Dame Liberty is, Monseigneur,
A wife, whom honor doth allure,
Who 's drunk with fair renown;
Who, in the street or the saloon,
Seeing the least bit of galoon,
Cries, "Down with livery! down!"

Your crowns would her damnation buy.
To pension her, forsooth! and why?
  My truthful muse and free.
I am a sou of good alloy,
But secret silver's coat employ
  And I 'd false money be.

Take back your gold! Some fears I feel;
But, if the world, your generous zeal
  For me, should envy much,
Know well my heart can ne'er be mute,
But, like a stringed suspended lute,
  Will sound to every touch.

HOW FAIR IS SHE!

Qu'elle est jolie.

YE gods! but she is wondrous fair!
She, whom I still will love for aye.
'Neath her soft melancholy air
Her eyes dream of the loves alway.
Her breath of life so past compare,
Gave the enraptured heavens high.
Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
And I, so plain a man am I!

Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
She hath but counted twenty springs;
All blonde and floating is her hair,
Her mouth like freshest blooming things.
She doth a thousand talents wear;
Her worth alone she can't descry.
Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
And I, so plain a man am I!

Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
And ne'ertheless she loveth me;
I did a long time envy bear
To features her sex love to see.
Till over me she cast her snare,
Did Love before me always fly.
Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
And I, so plain a man am I!

Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
For me her constant flame appears;
The garland, she hath culled, I wear
On brows bald since my thirty years.
Ye veils, that deck my loved one rare,
Fall, for the crowning triumph 's nigh!
Ye gods! but she is wondrous fair!
And I, so plain a man am I!

THE RESTORATION OF SONG.

Le restoration de chanson.

JANUARY, 1831.

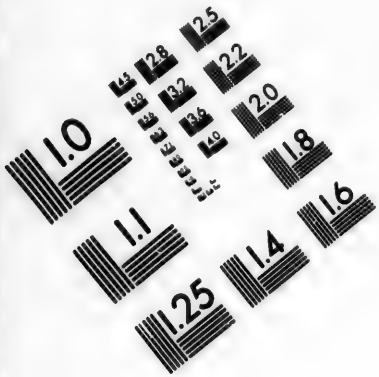
YES, Muse, my maid of song,
I the fact had owned,
That with Charles' race along,
They had thee dethroned;
But each law that they lay down
Doth thee still recall.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

I had thought they had in charge
Something new and fine;
Hoped they somewhat might enlarge
Sphere of *eighty-nine*.

But upon a blackened throne
They to plastering fall.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Look you! since December's days,
State and power to gain,
Chamber sounds the chamber's praise,
Chamber lauds again.
Each, to puff its fair renown,
Doth itself extol.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Ministers in dung-hill pens,
Shame of France and pest,
Our hereditary hens,
They will save their nest.
And the chicks God sends them down,
Will to laying fall.



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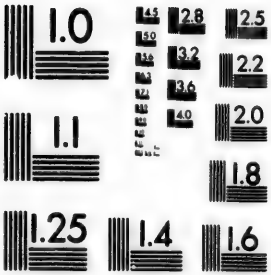

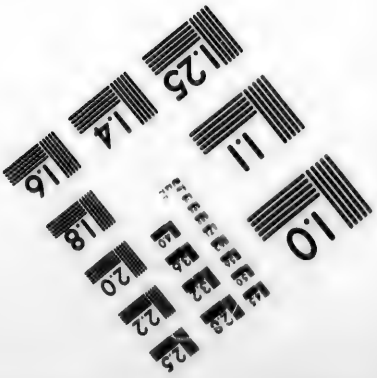

Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Glory to the civic guard,
Pedestal of laws!
Public peace they hold in ward;
May they venge our cause.
High ones too, with fear I own,
Would their faith enthrall.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Doctrinary planet, who
Over Ghent shone high,
Lets its light shine over too
People of July.
Fie! cold autumn's sun looks down
Through a misty pall.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

They, our ministers so sage,
All one value bear:
They would that our weather-gauge
Vary not a hair.
Some slight rumbling in *that* town
Doth them *here* appal.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Fain they 'd be in state of grace,
The great cowards! when
Care they take to keep in place
Maggoty old men.
But if we 've not touched a loun,
'Tis that this might fall. . . . .
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

Thus they do me thee restore,
Song, my mistress fair;

No laced coat, the tricolor
Wrap thee round fore'er.
Fear not, you 're not prison boun',
Least to Poissy's wall.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

But my worn soil, fallow laid,
Pass yet longer by;
For my younger rivals, maid,
Have so fair a sky!
Theirs the plenteous rose, renown;
Mine the daisy small.
Song, again take up thy crown.
Good Sirs, thank you all!

LET 'S HASTE!

Hatons-nous !

FEBRUARY, 1831.

AH ! if I were but brave and young,
A true hussar, I 'd sweep the world ;
All with my blonde mustaches curled,
My brilliant cloak about me flung,
At wrist my warring sabre slung.
Off, steed of mine, to Poland fly ;
Help to a death-doomed people bear !
In shameful sloth our cowards lie.
Oh, haste ! let 's harvest honor there !

If I were young, aye, by this hand !
I 'd to my fair young mistress say,
" Quick, girl, the crouper ! let 's away !

In fine devotion take your stand
By ladies of that loving land.
Sell every jewel, yes, your all!
Your sheets for lint in pieces tear;
Stanch yet some life-blood they let fall.
Oh, haste! let 's harvest honor there!

Aye more, if I had millions too,
To the brave Poles I 'd haste and say,
" Take some few diplomats in pay;
Buy store of powder, and do you
Clothe your heroic force anew;
Old Europe, that on crutches drags,
Rich, gouty, with a vacant stare,
Thinks virtue cannot dwell 'neath rags.
Oh, haste! let 's harvest honor there!

If but a powerful king were I,
Ah, how much aid I 'd bring them more!
My ships the Sound and Bosphorus o'er

Would sweep; I 'd make the Crescent fly ;
I 'd warm the blood of Sweden high
With shouting, Poland, help for thee !
At stout-arms' length long sceptres bear
O'er earth—on its wide boundaries lie.
Oh, haste ! let 's harvest honor there !

Were I the God hears Poland's wail,
If but one day I heard her cry,
Before the sun rose in the sky,
The Czar should in his court turn pale.
The Poles with all my love I 'd hail.
Though oracles should 'gainst them plead,
My miracles I would not spare ;
Alas ! of miracles they 've need !
Oh, haste ! let 's harvest honor there !

Let 's haste ! but little help I 'll be.
O, King of Heaven ! hear my cry !
Father of Freedom ! throned on high,

Their guardian angel make of me!
They have their only stay in Thee.
God! give my voice the trumpet's breath;
World-shaking, thundering through the air
This shout that might awaken death!
Haste, haste, and harvest honor there!

ADVICE TO THE BELGIANS.

Conseil aux Belges.

MAY, 1831.

BROTHERS of Belgium, make an end at once;
Morbleu! a king at once why don't you make!
Your airs republican, these last eight months,
Make all good courtiers with an ague quake.
Always for kings materials abound;
Jean, Paul, my neighbor, I, can ape the thing.
Good royal eggs already hatched are found.
Make a king! heavens! make a king!
Make a king! make a king!

What good a prince among you will spread round!
First Etiquette with strutting pomp appears;

Then ribbons, robes, and crosses will abound ;
  Then marquises, dukes, barons, counts, and peers.
Then a fine throne, in silk and pearl and gold ;
  The cushion, though, might some to trouble bring.
If heaven pleased, you 'd an anointing hold.
  Make a king ! heavens ! make a king !
  Make a king ! make a king !

Then you will have hand-kissing and parades,
  Addresses, verses, flowers, and fireworks ;
Then health in many a courtly server fades,
  When some small ill the royal bosom irks ;
The poor man's cap and crown of monarchs know
  Each its own vermin, 'tis God's reckoning.
On pride supreme the cankering courtiers grow.
  Make a king ! heavens ! make a king !
  Make a king ! make a king !

Then there will reign you lackeys of each sort,
  Judges and prefects, gendarmes and spies,

Soldiers enough to rob and to extort,
Joy, that to burn a hundred torches, flies.
The budget, lo! Athens and Sparta too,
Cost not in twenty years such nourishing.
The ogre's dined; good folks, the bill is due!
Make a king! heavens! make a king!
Make a king! make a king!

But what! I 'm joking! 'Tis well known in France,
Warm partisan am I unto the throne.
By others' reckoning, we 've made great advance;
None but good living princes here are known.
The people's sires killed them half with care;
If they learned more, less trouble would they bring.
The thirteenth Louis was good Henry's heir.
Make a king! heavens! make a king!
Make a king! make a king!

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

Souvenirs d'enfance.

1831.

["Addressed to my relatives and friends at Peronne, where I passed a part of my youth, from 1790 to 1796."]

YE scenes, where Hope hath fondled me of yore,
At fifty years, familiar I review;
How do ye childhood's memories restore,
As when the spring doth nature's wealth renew.

All hail! to you, friends of my early age;
All hail! ye kindred, whom my love hath blessed;
hanks to your care, here, whilst the storm did rage,
Poor birdling, I found shelter in the nest.

The close-pent prison I would see once more,
  Where, with his niece so sweet and blooming grown,
The old schoolmaster birchen sceptre bore,
  And taught with pride what he had never known.

Here, more than once, was I apprentice made;
  Ever, alas! to idleness inclined;
But when they set me learning Franklin's trade,
  I grew a sage's stature in my mind.

It was an age when friendship 's freely born;
  Soil, whereon flowers a morning full of hope;
There springs a tree whence oft a branch is torn
  To lean on evenings down life's painful slope.

Ye scenes, where Hope hath fondled me of yore,
  At fifty years, familiar I review;
How do ye childhood's memories restore,
  As when the spring doth nature's wealth renew.

'Twas in these walls, that on disastrous days,
To me the roar of hostile cannon came ;
'Twas there, my voice, once tuned to festal lays,
In broken tones hath spoke my country's name.

Here, dove-like wings upbore my dreaming soul ;
Here, of my sabots was the weight forgot.
Heaven's thunderbolt here marked me for its goal.
Kings since have thundered, but I heeded not.

Against blind Fate did Reason don her mail
Beneath this humble roof, and comes once more
To jeer at Glory, smoke borne on the gale,—
Both which, with tears oft make our eyes run o'er.

Friends, kindred, ye who saw my dawn on earth,
Objects of reverence, unto time endeared,
Yes, still is sweet that cradle of my birth,
Though she who rocked it long hath disappeared.

Ye scenes, where Hope hath fondled me of yore,
At fifty years, familiar I review;
How do ye childhood's memories restore,
As when the spring doth nature's wealth renew.

THE OLD VAGABOND.

Le vieux vagabond.

HERE in this ditch I 'll die at last,
Old, worn, infirm, for want of care;
" He 's drunk," they 'll say, the goers past:
'Tis well! so they their pity spare.
I see some turn their heads this way;
Some throw me pence as they go by;
Off quickly, seek the fête, I pray.
Old vagabond! without you I can die!

Yes, here of age I dying lie;
For, say they, " hunger kills not here."
In my despair, one hope had I,
The hospital my end would cheer.

But none would grant me a retreat;
They 're full, so many the forlorn.
Alas! my nurse must be the street.
Old vagabond! to die where I was born!

In youth, to artisans I knew,
"Teach me your trade," I oft would say;
"Go, we have not too much to do,"
Replied they, "go, and beg your way."
"Work!" said ye rich men whom I saw;
I 've dined well on the bone ye threw;
Well have I slept upon your straw.
Old vagabond! my curse is not on you.

I might have stolen, I, poor soul,
But no! I stretched an honest hand;
An apple was the most I stole,
Ripening along the highway land.
Full twenty times, to dungeon, they,
In the king's name, did me consign;

They took my only joy away ;
Old vagabond ! the sun, the sun is mine !

Where may the poor man's country be ?
What are to me your wine and corn ?
Your glory and your chivalry ?
The orators your halls adorn ?
Through your rent walls, the stranger stept
All armed and fattened on your pride ;
How o'er it like a fool I 've wept.
Old vagabond ! his hand my wants supplied.

Like a vile insect, fellow men !
Why crushed ye not my life out too ?
Ah ! better had ye taught me then,
For you some lasting good to do.
For, sheltered from the blighting wind,
The worm had turned an ant—but though
I 'd like a brother loved mankind,
Old vagabond ! I die, I die your foe !

THE GIPSIES.

Les bohemiens.

JUGGLERS, thieves, or sorcerers, say—
Unclean churls,
Of ancient worlds!
Jugglers, thieves, or sorcerers, say,
Whence come ye, Bohemians gay?

Whence come we? No man doth know.
Tell us where
Do swallows fare?
Whence come we? No man doth know
Is 't as well known where we go?

Without prince, country, laws, are we!
Our life
Makes envy rife.

Without prince, country, laws to be,
Happy is man one day in three!

All independent are we born.
Never we
Baptism see!
All independent are we born,
To sound of fife and song and horn!

Our earliest steps own no command—
In this round
Where wrongs abound!
Our earliest steps own no command
From prejudice's swaddling band!

The people, whom by tricks we cheat,
Wondering look
On the conjuring book.
The people whom by tricks we cheat,
They fain would saints and sorcerers meet.

We 're finding wealth upon the way;
Our band
Makes blithe demand;
We 're finding wealth upon the way;
And singing, palms we open lay.

We poor birds, whom God hath blessed!
Whom they rout
From cities out,
We poor birds, whom God hath blessed!
I' the midst of woods hang now our nest.

Groping Love comes every night.
All pell-mell,
We 're harnessed well!
Groping Love comes every night.
He drives us in his chariot bright.

To lift thine eye thou hast no power,
Sage so gruff,
Of shallow stuff!

To lift thine eye thou hast no power,
From the old clock on thy old tower!

Seeing 's having! away go we!
Free from strife
Is the wandering life!
Seeing 's having! away go we!
For to win all, is all to see.

But everywhere to man we cry,
Wearying round,
Or in rest profound,
But everywhere to man we cry,
"Thou 'rt born, good-day! thou diest, good-bye!"

When we die, be it young or old,
Man or maid,
Our souls God aid!
When we die, be it young or old,
Our bones to the doctor's sub. are sold.

We have not,—we, from pride aloof !—
  Laws so vain,
  With a heavy chain ;
We have not,—we, from pride aloof !—
Cradle, nor funeral shroud, nor roof.

But now, believe our gaiety !
  Priest or knave,
  Noble or slave.
But now, believe our gaiety !
For happiness is liberty !

O yes, believe our gaiety !
  Priest or knave,
  Noble or slave.
O yes, believe our gaiety !
For happiness is liberty !

THE PEOPLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Les souvenirs du peuple.

LONG his glory will be told,—
In the cabin told with tears.
Humble roofs, for fifty years,
Will no other history hold.
Then the village folk will go
To some story-telling dame,
"Mother, tales of him you know,
Charm our evenings with his fame.
Though they say he did us ill,
Still the people him revere,—
Yes, still revere!
Mother, still of him we 'd hear!
Mother, of him still!"

"Children, with a train of kings,
He did through this village go.

'Tis a long time past, you know!
I was doing household things.
Up the hill—on foot at that—
I observed him on his way,
He had on a little hat
And an overcoat of grey.
I stood near him, trembling, weak;
Then he said: 'My dear, good-day!
My dear, good-day!'"
"Mother, did he speak that way?
Mother, that way speak?"

Next year, I, poor woman, came
Paris, one fête day, to see.
Going with his court was he
On the way to Notre Dame.
Hearts did all to gayness run—
All admired his splendid train:
"What fine times!" said every one,
"He doth all heaven's blessings gain."

Ah! his smile was very sweet!
God a son had given him too!
Yes, given him too!
"Mother, what a treat for you!
Mother, what a treat!"

But when poor Champagne did yield
To the foeman's arms a prey,
He held dangers all at bay,
Seemed alone to keep the field.
One night came a knock, as 't were
Now,—the door I open threw;
He, good God! was standing there
Guarded by a faithful few.
He sat on that very chair;—
"Ah, these wars! these wars!" he cried,
"These wars!" he cried.
"Mother, sat there by your side?
Mother, he sat there?"

"I am hungry," said he, I
Bread and sour wine supplied;
Soon his dripping clothes he dried;
Then he dozed the fire by.
Waking, he observed my tears;
"Dame," said he, "Bonne Esperance!
I 'll, for all her ills and fears,
Venge in front of Paris, France!"
Then he went. A treasure still,
I have kept his glass till now;
His glass till now!
"Mother, what! you have it, how!
What! you have it still!"

Here it is! But fortune led
To his doom our chief renowned.
He, whose head a pope had crowned,
In a lonely isle lies dead.
Long, they thought it could not be;

"He'll come back," they said, "we know";
He is hastening o'er the sea,
And he 'll master still the foe.
When we found it was not true—
Ah! my grief I can't forget!
I can't forget!
"Mother, God will bless you yet,
God will yet bless you!"

PONIATOWSKI.

Poniatowski.

JULY, 1831.

"WHAT! flying, you, the conquerors of the world?
Fate before Leipsic blunders now to-day.
What! flying?" Here a bridge, in ruin hurled,
Is by the roaring waters swept away.
Steeds, soldiers, arms, accoutrements, pell-mell
All tumble in, the Elster rolls impaved;
It rolls on deaf to vows, cries, tears, that swell,—
"Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, I am saved!"

"Naught but a hand! curse him who succor craves!
On! on! to stop! who is 't will pay the price?"

"'Tis for a hero swallowed by the waves—
'Tis Poniatowski, and he 's wounded thrice!"
"Who cares,"—they fly. Inhuman made by fear,
Answers no heart the succor he has craved.
The torrent sweeps him from his charger clear,—
"Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, I am saved!"

He 's dying,—no!—he struggles—swims again—
His steed's long floating mane his fingers feel.
"To die drowned," gasped he, "when on yonder plain
I hear the guns and see the flash of steel!
My brothers! ah! you praised the Polish lance,
For love of you a bloody death I braved;
Ah! save me to spend all my blood for France;
Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, I am saved!"

There comes no succor! and his failing hand
Lets go its guide—now, Poland, now farewell!

But a bright-visioned presence doth expand
Upon his soul from where God's mansions dwell.
"At last! what see I?—the White Eagle wakes!
He flies! he fights! in Russian blood he 's bathed!
Upon my ear a song of triumph breaks!
Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, I am saved!"

There comes no succor!—dead! upon the shores
The foe encamped, where ward the rushes keep;
Those times are far, yet still a voice deplores
From the profoundest shadows of the deep.
And often now,—Great God, make me believed!—
Still to the heavens that pleading voice is raised;
Wherefore that cry by us from heaven received,
"Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, I am saved!"

'Tis Polands', her true son's, that voice profound,
She, who so many times for us hath fought;
In her own blood, her own life she hath drowned,
The blood with which she has such honor bought.

Like that chief, who did for his country die,
His mangled corpse by rushing Elster laved,
From the gulf's brink a whole brave people cry,
"Naught but a hand, and, Frenchmen, we are saved!"

THE OLD CORPORAL.

Le vieux corporal.

FALL in, comrades !—to your places !
Shoulder arms ! guns loaded, march !
I 've my pipe and your embraces,
Come, give me my last discharge.
I 'm too old for service filling,
But for you, young soldiers all,
I was father to your drilling ;
Into step now, conscripts, fall !
Don't be weeping ;
Don't be weeping ;
Step be keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping all !

My play captain did me outrage ;
Down I knocked him—he 's well as I ;

They 've condemned me—'tis the usage ;
I, old corporal, must die.
Passioned by the drink I swallowed,
Nothing could my blow recall ;
But the great man I have followed ;—
Into step now, conscripts, fall !
Don't be weeping ;
Don't be weeping ;
Step be keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping all !

Conscripts, you 'll be scarce exchanging
Arm or leg to gain the cross ;
I gained mine those conflicts waging
When all kings we down did toss.
As I told our battle's story,
" Drinks around ! " did each one call ;
What avails me here that glory ;—
Into step now, conscripts, fall !

Don't be weeping;
Don't be weeping;
Step be keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping all!

Robert, lad of my own village,
Back and take thy sheep in hand;
See, where grows that garden's tillage,
April 's fairer in our land.
How at dawn, 'neath woodland cover,
Would the fresh charms hold me thrall;
Great God! still she lives—my mother!
Into step now, conscripts, fall!
Don't be weeping;
Don't be weeping;
Step be keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping all!

Who sobs there—doth this way stare hard?
Is 't the drummer's widow?—aye!

I, through Russia, in the rear-guard,
Carried her son night and day.
Child and mother, snow, I fear it,
Had been, but for me, their pall;
She 'll, I know, pray for my spirit;—
Into step now, conscripts, fall!
Don't be weeping;
Don't be weeping;
Step be keeping,
Keeping, keeping, keeping all!

Zounds! my pipe 's out; no, it 's lit yet!
All the better;—forward! so!
Now the hollow square—one bit yet!
Here,—I 'll not be blindfold! no!
For your grief, my friends, I 'm sorry;
Take care, plant not low the ball!
So to your country God restore ye;—
Into step now, conscripts, fall!

Don't be weeping ;

Don't be weeping ;

Step be keeping,

Keeping, keeping, keeping all !

THE GARRET.

Le grenier.

AGAIN my youth's asylum I survey,
Where Poverty her lessons taught me long;
I 'd twenty years, a mistress fond and gay,
Friends open hearted, and a love of song.
Scorning the world, its follies and grey hairs,
Rich in my spring-time, without cares or fears,
Joyous and light, I climbed six flights of stairs.
Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

Yes, 'tis a garret, know it all who will.
There was my bed, so hard and mean, and small;
There was my table, and I trace out still
Three feet of verse I charcoaled on the wall.

Rise up, ye pleasures of my bounteous day!
That fly Time's blow when his swift wing he rears;
How oft for you I pawned my watch away.
Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

But best of all, there stood Lisette of yore,
Pretty and piquante in her fresh trimmed hat;
Oft did her hand, the narrow casement o'er,
Suspend her shawl in lieu of blind thereat.
My bed was with her flowing gown arrayed;
Respect, Love, those smoothe robings of my dear's;
I since have known who for that toilet paid.
Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

One day at table, day of bounteous fare,
The voice of friends did in gay chorus run,
When here, a cry of joy rose on the air,
"Marengo's battle Bonaparte has won!"
The cannon roars; another song is made;
Such dazzling feats our voice united cheers;

Never shall kings our glorious France invade!
Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

Let's quit this roof where Fancy's dreams are rife;
How far the days I so regret about!
I would forego what I have left of life
For but three days that God here counted out.
Of beauty, folly, pleasure, love, to dream—
When like a life an instant's space appears—
Of a long hope to catch the bright'ning gleam,
Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

THE SMUGGLERS.

Les contrabandiers.

PLAGUE on! plague on! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

'Tis midnight; here our goods we 'll land:
Men, packs, and horses, follow me.
Come on! keep watch on either hand;
Charge every pistol and fusee.

The excisemen thick are 'round;
But lads, the lead 's not dear;
And in the dark, 'tis found
These balls of ours see clear.

Plague on! plague on! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

Ho comrades! 'tis a noble life;
Of it what famous feats are told;
How charmed the lovely lass or wife,
When in her apron rains the gold.
House, castle, hut of straw,
To us are opened wide;

If we 're condemned by law,
The people take our side.

Plague on ! plague on ! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

We brave the snow, cold, storm and rain ;
Asleep to torrent's roar we drop ;
Ah ! what high courage do we gain
Midst the pure air on mountain top.
Peaks, with familiar tread,
A hundred times we greet ;
The clouds above our head,
And death beneath our feet !

Plague on ! plague on ! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize ;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

Mankind exchanges would maintain,
But taxes barricade the ways ;
Lets on,—to barter is our gain,
Within our hands the balance plays.
Everywhere is God
Our sure protector found ;
We plenty spread abroad,
And wealth we scatter round.

Plague on ! plague on ! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.

All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize ;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

At sense our giddy rulers mock ;
All Heavens gifts they threefold tax ;
They 'd blast the fruit upon the stalk,
And break the workman's sledge and axe.
With long toil, to abate
The thirst of earth and man,
God doth a stream create ;
Of it a pond they plan.

Plague on ! plague on ! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.

Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

What! of one language and one law,
One people bound by social ties,
They would apart by treaty draw,
And make two realms of foes arise.
But, thanks be to our care,
This is not worth their while;
One fleece we spin and wear,
And o'er one wine we smile.

Plague on! plague on! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

The birds that o'er the frontier fly,
  Ne'er is said, "take other laws," to them.
The summer comes the trench to dry,
  Which doth two monarch's boundries hem.
Upon our blood they spend
  The taxes there they reap;
Those boundries they defend,
  We can with ease o'er leap.

Plague on! plague on! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

In our journyings we sing,
  And the musket dread have we;

We make the mountain echoes ring,
To rouse up slumbering Liberty.
When our land 'neath shall lie
Some haughty neighbor foe,
She 'll dying to us cry,
Help ! contrabandists, ho !

Plague on ! plague on ! the excise.
We have wealth with happiness.
All the people us caress,
They all our friendship prize.
Yes, the people all throughout our friendship prize ;
Yes, the people all throughout, throughout, our friendship prize.

GOOD NIGHT!

Bon-soir.

[Verses addressed to M. Laisney, printer at Peronne. It was to M. Laisney that Beranger was apprenticed in his youth. His master discerning the boy's talent assisted him in his first attempts at verse-making, which the poet ever afterward gratefully remembered.]

DRINK, my dear Laisney, let us drink again!
How fast has vanished life's bright happy day;
Our fires of youth, how distant do they wane;
How with them have our pleasures flown away,
But wherefore then should we feast on regret;
No, gaiety feeds hope with living light.
Old friend! even though our day is fading, yet
We with gay hearts will bid good-night!

There 's snow of fifty winters on thy head;
The road your feet have trod I follow fast;

But in those winters many a feast hath sped,
All was not hoar frost and the Northern blast.
Could we to better use our youth have set;
With life less swift have had such full delight?
Old friend! even though our day is fading, yet
We with gay hearts will bid good-night!

Thou wert my master in the art of verse,
And though eclipsed, wert not of jealous stuff;
If the sole fruits which for us God did nurse
Are songs, those fruits are surely sweet enough.
Within our strains the past new birth doth get;
Illusion's mirror for us glitters bright.
Old friend! even though our day is fading, yet
We with gay hearts will bid good-night!

Let 's take our rest, the Love's, without a doubt,
For whom, of old, we 've journeyed at our best,
All cry to us, if met upon the route,
"Go you to sleep, the sun hath sunk to rest."

But Friendship comes, though thickest shades beset,
To cast her lamplight on our fading sight.
Old friend ! even though our day is fading, yet
We with gay hearts will bid good-night !

MY TOMB.

Mon tombeau.

WHAT ! whilst I 'm well, to make for me a tomb !
Before my death at vast expense to go ;
Foolishness, friends, give no such folly room ;
Leave to the great the pagentry of woe.
The price of brass or stone would buy a dress
Too fine for a dead beggar to assume ;
Let 's buy, instead, bright wine of joyfulness ;
Let 's gaily drink the silver of my tomb !

To build me such a mausoleum fine,
'Twould cost you twenty thousand francs or more.
In a rich vale, beneath a cloudless shine,
Let 's, gay recluses, six months joy explore.

Concerts and balls, where Beauty weaves her spell,
Such pleasures even a castle would illume ;
I 'll run the risk of loving life too well :
Let 's gaily eat the silver of my tomb !

Though young my mistress, I grow old at last ;
I 've need to buy her trinkets of all kinds ;
A golden glitter sweetens a long fast,
Longchamps bear witness, where all Paris shines.
Something to your fair dame is owed by you ;
A cashmere shawl would keep her love in bloom.
For life upon a heart so leal and true
Let 's gaily spend the silver of my tomb !

No, friends of mine ! the drama of the shades
I would not see within a box of state.
Who comes so poor and pale, whose eye-sight fades ?
He soon must die, ah, happy be his fate !
This dotard, whom his wallet tires apace,
Should first the curtain see raised on the gloom ;

Him, in the pit, to keep for me a place,
Let 's gaily give the silver of my tomb !

What reck I, that my name upon the stone,
Some future Doctor may to light recall ;
Better to breathe in life the perfume thrown
From flowers promised to my funeral pall.
Posterity, who never may be born,
To search me out, ne'er thou thy torch illume ;
Wise man, I 'm known my window forth in scorn
To gaily throw the silver of my tomb !

MY COAT.

Mon habit.

SERVE me yet well, poor coat, that still I love!
Together, we old age explore;
Myself hath brushed thee these ten years above;
Even Socrates had done no more!
When fate hath on thy well worn list,
To struggles new, delivered thee,
Like me, in stout philosophy resist.
Old friend of mine, we will not parted be!

I 'm thinking,—for my memory seldom fails,—
Of the first day I put thee on.
It was my fête; to swell our glory's sails,
The songs of friends did on thee run.

Thy shabbiness, of honor's hue,
  Ne'er from their arms doth banish me.
They 're making fêtes to grace us still anew.
  Old friend of mine, we will not parted be !

Thy patch behind with favor I espy !
  That also, is a memory sweet.
Feigning, one eve, the tender Lise to fly,
  I felt her hand my stay intreat.
And thou wert rent ! and this outrage
  Bound me to her, I might not flee ;
Lisette, three days, did in that work engage !
  Old friend of mine, we will not parted be !

Have I with musk and amber dashed thee o'er,
  Which the glass primping fops exhale ?
Wert thou e'er seen at ante-chamber door,
  Exposed to high-born jest and rail ?
For bits of ribbon to control,
  Long was all France at enmity.

The field flower is glinting from thy button-hole!
Old friend of mine, we will not parted be!

Fear thou no more those days of courses vain,
When aye our fate did equal lie.—
Those blended days of pleasure and of pain,
Mingled with rain and sunny sky.
Methinks, at no far distant day,
There 'll be no need of coat for me.
Stay yet! together we will take our way.
Old friend of mine, we will not parted be!

THE POOR WOMAN.

La pauvre femme.

IT snows! it snows! and there before the church
An old woman prays upon her knees;
The wind, gulfed in her rags, doth round her search;
To us for bread she makes her pleas.
Alone, to Notre Dame, o'er crutch inclined,
Winter and summer goeth she;
She's blind, alas! the poor old woman's blind;
Ah! let us lend her charity!

Dost thou know who was this form bent with age,
With wan, pale face, so pinched and lean?
She was the marvel of a gorgeous stage,
In Paris reigned a ballad queen.

The young, whom oft she moved to weep or smile,
Enraptured, did her beauty see,
How often did her charms their dreams beguile ;
Ah ! let us lend her charity !

How oft, when from the stage she swept along
Behind her prancing courser's feet,
She heard the cheering of the ravished throng
Towards her on the night wind fleet.
To lift her down, standing her car before,
Bowing around voluptuously,
How many rivals waited at her door ;
Ah ! let us lend her charity !

How every art, her stately palace knew,
Their crowns for her once wove !
What crystals, bronzes, columns, one might view,
Tributes from love to love !
What faithful Muses kept her banquets all,
The while her wine flowed prosperously !

The sparrows build in every palace wall;
Ah! let us lend her charity!

Ah, fell reverse! one day did sickness close
Her eyes, her voice made hoarse and mean,
And soon, alone and poor, she begging goes,
Where her these twenty years I 've seen.
No hand more graceful blessed the needy wretch,
Nor gave more gold with heart more free,
Than that hand which she hesitates to stretch;
Ah! let us lend her charity!

Ah! pity, grief,—the cold redoubled feeds
Upon her trembling limbs the while;
Her hand, benumbed, can scarcely hold the beads
At which she once did gaily smile.
If 'neath such ills still soft her heart appears,
If it can nourish piety,—
That she may yet have faith that Heaven hears,
Ah! let us lend her charity!

THE WANDERING JEW.

Le Juif Errant.

A WEARY wanderer to renew,
Reach, Christian, water from thy door;
I am, I am the Wandering Jew,
Whom a whirlwind hurries evermore.
Without old age, opprest by life,
The world's end is my only dream,
Ever is hope each evening rife,
But e'er comes morning's sun-bright gleam.
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

Alas! for eighteen ages past
I 've trod o'er Greek and Roman dust;

O'er thousand states, in ruin cast,
Doth me the fearful whirlwind thrust.
I 've seen good growing come to naught,
Calamities grow vast of size;
With greater than old world life fraught,
I 've seen from waves two worlds arise
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

I 'm doomed to change by God's decree;
I am in love with all that dies;
Whene'er a roof would shelter me,
The whirlwind sudden with me flies.
Such pittance as I can command
Is sought by many a needy wretch,
Who has not time to clasp the hand,
Which I, in passing, love to stretch.
Fore'er, fore'er

Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

At foot of flowering shrubs, alone,—
On the turfed borders of the mere,
If o'er my woes I cease to moan,
I hear the whirlwind roaring near.
Ah! vengeful Heaven! why not allow
One instant passed beneath the shade;
Scarce could eternity serve now
For rest from such a wandering made.
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

How, from the children, glad and bright,
Gleams the mirage of youth on age!
If e'er on them I feast my sight,
The whirlwind blows with double rage.

Old men, at such a price awhile,
Dare ye, for my long life to lust?
Those children, upon whom I smile,
My foot shall sweep across their dust!
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

Those walls, where I was born of yore,
If I should yet some trace descry,
Should I persist to look them o'er,
"On!" doth to me the whirlwind cry.
"On!" and its voice still in mine ear,
Cries, "stand! while all around thee falls;
No place thy sires keep for thee here,
No place in their sepulchral halls!"
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

I outraged with inhuman jest
  The Man-God, as he breathed his last.
But 'neath my feet the road is pressed;
  Farewell! the whirlwind hurries fast.
All ye to charity remiss,
  Now tremble at my torture strange;
Not his divinity it is,
  But human wrongs he doth avenge.
Fore'er, fore'er
Turns the world whereon I fare,
Fore'er, fore'er, fore'er, fore'er.

FAREWELL SONG!

Adieu chansons!

MY floral crown to freshen and restore,
Some theme to sing, bright, tender, witty, wise,
I 'd lately gone, whey that fay came once more,
Did at the good old tailor's soothe my cries;
"Winter," said she, "breathes on thy head her frost,
Find shelter for thy evenings long and cold,
Thou who hast sung but when the tempest rolled,
Find 'st twenty years of strife thy voice exhaust."
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

"Those days are far," pursued she, "when thy soul
Could as a keyboard modulate thy note;
When gaiety, lithe, rapid flame, did roll,
And made on darkened heaven its lightning float.

With shadows is the shrunk horizon frayed;
Thy friends long laughter now hath ceased to flow;
How many gone before! they 're lying low;
Alas! Lisette herself is but a shade."
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

"To fate be thankful! Thy melodious song,
The lowest ranks of a great race rehearse
The tune which flies the ravished ear along,
To the most ignorant hath blown thy verse.
Your orators the realm of letters hold;
Thou, with proud front conspiring 'gainst the kings,
Awoke the voice, and married on the strings
The lyre's accents with the airs of old."
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

"Thy pointed darts the throne itself did jar,
And bounding back, were gathered up as fast;

The people, whom thou loved 'st, from near and far,
Their flying chorus at that mark recast.
That throne, when it its thunders dared to shake,
Did in three days 'neath rusty muskets fall;
For all the shots that bored its velvet pall,
Thy muse what store of powder did she make!"
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

"Noble thy part in that great day appears;
Thou turnd'st from booty rapine's eye of rage;
Their memory, crowning thy triumphal years,
May satisfy thee if content with age.
To coming men of that great story say;
Warn from the rocks, their venturous vessel guide,
And if some day they be of France the pride,
Warm thy old age beneath their glory's ray."
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

Yes, my good fairy—to the poor bards door,
Thou'st in good time retreating note addressed;
For friend, soon, 'neath the thatch that roofs me o'er,
I'll have oblivion, sire and son of rest.
But, at my death, those can our struggle tell,
Old Frenchmen, they will say with moistened eye,
"That star at eve hath gleamed in heaven high,
God put it out long time before it fell."
Then songs adieu! my brow is bald and lined;
The bird is hushed; loud roars the northern wind!

L'ENVOI.

MASTER of song! upon thy silvern lyre
I hang this latest garland of green bays,
Culled whilst I wandered on Parnassian ways.
Earth bringer of the true Promethean fire!
Accept the hand, that proudly would aspire,
With wreathèd tendrils of the southern vine
Twining a blush of English eglantine,—
To crown the peer of all our lyric choir.

If I have labored, labored not in vain,
King of the chanson! to uncage thy rhyme,
Beating its bars within the Gallic tongue,—
If I have faithfully and duly sung
Its wingèd notes, nor marred their crystal strain,
My borrowed song should make my muse sublime.

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